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FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK

CARL VAN DOREN NORMAN THOMAS

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"LOVE Only World Tonic, Asserts J. P. Tumulty"—thus a New York headline over a dispatch from Atlantic City containing an abstract of the address of Woodrow Wilson's former secretary before the Kiwanis Club. Here are some extracts from his remarks: "Application of the principles of Jesus Christ and the Ten Commandments is the antidote for the ills of the world. Statistics and bureaus will never do it. Hatred and its attendant crimes will only aggravate it. Love is the only tonic." Well, well! Truly, "while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return." So this is the present-day view of the man who was so eager with his official chief to shoot goodness and virtue and Christianity into the Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and Russians, and filled the hearts of Americans with hatred for millions of their fellow-men! We hope it means a change of heart in Mr. Tumulty. We have, as a matter of fact, hoped for his regeneration ever since we read that his daughter was saved from death by the almost miraculous skill of some "Hun" doctors. That seemed to us heaping coals of fire upon the devoted Mr. Tumulty's head. Now we do not see, after this Atlantic City speech, why we should not enrol Mr. Wilson's fidus Achates among the ranks of the thick-and-thin all-time pacifists. But we are frankly afraid to. We should always fear that he would again sin against the eternal truth he has rediscovered when the bands begin to play and the troop-ship's on the tide, my boys, the troop-ship's on the tide.

LLOYD GEORGE, too, being out of high office, continues to turn state's evidence. In an address at Edinburgh on Churches and International Peace he let out the solemn truth that

> the nations have not learned a lesson from the war. There is suspicion among them just as ever, only more intense; the hatreds between races and peoples are only fiercer. Great armies are arming, drilling, and scheming for war; conventions and compacts, for joint action when the tocsin sounds, are being made; general staffs are meeting to arrange where they shall march, how they shall march, and how they shall strike.

He finds, moreover, in Europe, precisely the same elements working that produced the last great catastrophe—"the Gaul and the Teuton interlocked and the other nations drifting toward the bog." It is, he says, like a seething caldron and he does not know what is to come of it: "It is all one powerful concerted plot against human civilization, and that after the experience of four years of war." Well, he and Tumulty, and we hope Woodrow Wilson soon, could best begin to forward matters by jointly going up on a high mountain and confessing to all the world how they humbugged and falsified and misrepresented in all their talk about safeguarding the world and saving democracy and warring to end war, and all the rest of the stuff and nonsense their gullible peoples swallowed.

SO William Randolph Hearst is willing to strike hands under certain conditions with Henry Ford? Well, if Ford is wise he will beware of any such alliance. The truth is that the Ford candidacy is growing like a prairie fire, which probably explains Mr. Hearst's sudden zeal for him. One cannot pick up any newspaper without finding news of it. He is leading in the *Collier's Weekly* poll of the country; he has given a typical candidate's interview for the press in which he demands a huge navy and a great air force since it is his belief that it will soon be our solemn duty to police the whole world. This shows conclusively how far his former pacifism was rooted in intelligent conviction and how little he has learned from our latest attempt to police the world. Washington politicians are utterly astounded at this sudden flaring-up of a boom which on its surface appears entirely spontaneous, and with their usual stupidity actually believe that they can scotch the liberal movements in both the major parties by the stale trick of nominating Hiram Johnson and Henry Ford for

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the vice-presidencies. Plainly we are in for a prematurely early and lively presidential season—the formal announcement of Mr. McAdoo's candidacy is reported near at hand. Look out for killing frosts! Let us hope the first of the forced growths to go will be the "demand" for Warren Harding's reelection.

PREMIER POINCARÉ resigned for half an hour on May 24, but unfortunately President Millerand persuaded him to withdraw his resignation. The occasion was the refusal of the Senate to do Poincaré's dirty work. He utilized the patriotic fervor occasioned by the march into the Ruhr last January to induce the Chamber to waive Marcel Cachin's parliamentary immunity and to indict him with twenty-two other Communist leaders for inciting soldiers to disobedience and for conspiracy against the state. Cachin and his comrades were indeed engaging in a most bitter denunciation of Poincaré's invasion of the Ruhr. But Poincaré in his blind anger accused them of vastly more than that. Unfortunately it developed that the other accusations rested largely upon forged documents. Faced by the probability of acquittal by a jury the Government decided to constitute the Senate into a High Court to try the Communists. The Senate can take liberties which an ordinary court cannot, as it proved when it tried Malvy and Caillaux in 1918 and 1920. If it finds a man innocent of the crime charged it can substitute a new charge and convict him, without further trial, on that. In other words, it is a political court. But the Senate was disgusted with Poincaré's course. Immediately the cases came before it, it voted that they did not involve "attempts upon the safety of the state" within its jurisdiction, and sent them back to the ordinary courts. It was a direct slap in the face at Poincaré, and a very encouraging indication of a return of common-sense in France.

STANLEY BALDWIN'S new Tory Ministry has in it the signs of trouble to come. He had to appeal to an ex-Liberal, Reginald McKenna, to take his own former position as Chancellor of the Exchequer because the die-hards had no man competent to fill the place and were still too powerful and too bitter to permit a former coalitionist to take the place. In the Cabinet sit such extremists as the Marquis of Salisbury, Viscount Peel, and the Duke of Devonshire, the last holding the delicate post of Colonial Secretary. Lord Curzon remains in the Foreign Office, but Lord Robert Cecil's acceptance of a cabinet post indicates an intent to hold the Foreign Secretary in check. There is too much dry tinder in Europe to permit that gentleman to go unwatched. The Russians have given the soft answer that should turn away wrath, and the murder of Vorovsky, the Soviet envoy at Lausanne, has given the Russians a tactical advantage which their execution of Butchkavich lost them, but Lord Curzon is capable of plunging on regardless of consequences. The Lausanne Conference is still in a delicate state, although the sudden agreement of the Turks and the Greeks has brought a temporary calm. By this brilliant compromise Greece acknowledges responsibility for damage done in Anatolia but Turkey waives payment of damages, and the Thracian difficulty is adjusted by the cession to Turkey, Bulgaria's late ally, of some of the territory which Greece took from Bulgaria after the war. Naturally Bulgaria protests; and the disagreements between the Great Powers and Turkey also remain.

WAGES are going up in the building trades. They are going so high that business men are alarmed; several big building projects have been temporarily abandoned. The bricklayers in New York have struck for higher wages, and while the master masons hold firm the striking masons are finding better-paying work on "independent" jobs. To combat the sky-rocketing wages the banks have stepped in; they are asked to cease or to call loans on "speculative" building, by which is meant projects which pay the high wages. These are said to be so high as to make future returns on the investment impossible. As to that we are in no position to judge. But we do know this: that when wages are going down the very men who are now calling upon the banks to intervene cry that the iron "law" of supply and demand must act without interference and that workers would be mad to resist. And we can guess, too, what the men who are today postponing contracts, and, with them, workers' jobs, say when workers strike. We can hear them pattering of conspiracies in restraint of trade, of selfish interference with business progress—all the old rigmarole. We would not be understood to applaud every act of the building trades unions—they form an aristocracy of labor with the same selfish habits as other aristocracies; we merely wish to call attention to the way in which, when labor seems to be getting the upper hand, all the forces of our capitalist society join hands to resist the threat—and Mr. Burns does not denounce the conspiracy, nor Mr. Daugherty obtain an injunction.

ANOTHER arrest and another release in connection with the Wall Street bomb explosion of 1920! Release always follows arrest, as the tail follows the dog, and always for the same reason—lack of evidence. It is getting to be a good blanket reason for arresting anybody whom somebody would like to detain or annoy. When evidence of any actual transgression is lacking, it is as sufficient—and more original—as the charge of "disorderly conduct" or being "without visible means of suppport." The New York *Call* lists Noah Lerner, just released, as the twenty-seventh person accused of the Wall Street crime against whom no evidence has eventually been submitted. It is hard to determine the exact number, as the Wall Street crime has sometimes been charged along with other offenses, real or imaginary. The Department of Justice has leveled the charge against not a few men as pure propaganda or persecution. The victims, many of whom have been manhandled and for considerable periods jailed, are too poor and helpless to stop these outrages by suing the perpetrators for false arrest. Cannot our lawyers, or some interested organization, take up the matter? It is bad enough to have inefficient policemen and Department of Justice agents, but when they begin to cloak their incompetence by false arrests—or resort to them for propaganda or persecution—it becomes intolerable.

ON May 3, 300 Negroes passed through Jackson, Mississippi, and 552 through Chattanooga, all bound for industrial work in the North. The same day, at a cry set up by the deserted planters, the chief inspector of the Tennessee Department of Labor arrested Negroes found near the employment agencies in Memphis. Governor McLeod of South Carolina has instructed sheriffs to enforce State laws requiring licenses for labor agents; on May 22 Charles Hampton was arrested at Greensboro and

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fined $500 for "secretly enticing Negro laborers" to go to Pennsylvania. In Petersburg, Virginia, Edward Karabinus, in charge of twenty-five Negroes bound for a New Jersey cement plant, was arrested and fined $1,000 for soliciting labor without a city license. These are not arguments to convince an awakening people that they should passively await further exploitation. The black citizens of Jackson, Mississippi, have drawn up an extraordinary protest, stating that they are leaving the State because "the Negro feels that his life is not safe in Mississippi." The South is awakening to the meaning of the exodus; on May 19 meetings of white citizens were held at every Mississippi court-house to discuss the situation. Economic pressure may finish the task of liberation begun in the Civil War.

WE do not believe that Chief Justice William H. Taft has been guilty of any professional or ethical impropriety in holding on to the pension which his good and kind-hearted friend, Andrew Carnegie, left him in his will. With all respect for Eugene Debs we believe that Mr. Taft can neither be impeached nor removed therefor. Mr. Carnegie left it to him because he was an ex-President without a big job, doubtless with the idea of shaming the government into voting a pension to all ex-Presidents. This is not an annuity from living men high in a corporation who might be tempted to ask a *quid pro quo*. This legacy Mr. Taft received years before he was appointed to the Supreme Court. If every judge on the bench had to divest himself of every corporation security he held because of the possibility that he might have to sit in, let us say, a railroad case there might be some justice in demanding that Mr. Taft give up this legacy. John Marshall certainly had a professional reputation as unblemished as that of Caesar's wife; yet he invested in Virginia lands and held them although questions of title to similar lands were constantly before the courts—he was careful, of course, not to pass on the validity of his own rights. Woodrow Wilson applied for a Carnegie teacher's pension when he left teaching to enter public life and saw no impropriety in it. When it comes to the question of good taste, however, we suspect that the easy-going, good-natured chief justice now shares our wish that he had dropped the pension when he added his salary as chief justice to his already considerable personal income.

THE Bible might well, if it had a tongue, demand to be saved from its friends. Just after William Jennings Bryan and John Roach Straton have told us how it should be interpreted and what should be believed as to its teachings, here comes Judge Gary himself to interrupt thus a speech on behalf of steel and prosperity: "The moral and religious principles of the Bible, both the Old and New Testaments, have never been and can never be successfully combated. Since the preservation of history commenced there has never been anything approaching the Holy Bible as a literary production or a code for proper and desirable human conduct or as a foundation for future hopes." Whereupon he plunged directly into conditions in the iron and steel business and launched upon an eager defense of the twelve-hour day. Well, we should like to have been present on that occasion and to have had with us a copy of that same Bible, for we should like to have read to him certain passages from it which seem to have a direct bearing upon the working of human beings for twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, for private profit. The greatest and richest American corporation says it cannot alter these terrible conditions at this time; a committee of steel men has reported that it "would create an acute situation in the industry because of the shortage of labor and extensive demand for steel profits." That's the way it always is—we cannot abandon the twelve-hour day in bad times because the industry cannot afford it and we must not in good times because prosperity must not be checked.

THE scene is Times Square, the hour high noon. In the profound blue of the sky gyrates an airplane. It shoots up and down; it describes marvelous circles and unimaginable parabolas. From it issues a narrow but thick line of white vapor that lingers against the blue and writes its message across the summer sky. Man has conquered the air. Plato and Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe would have been overwhelmed by this vision. They would have closed their eyes in awe before they dared lift them to learn what message, what dread or splendid word that almost superhuman pilot was writing in great white letters upon the dome of eternity. They would have opened their eyes and read—and read "LUCKY STRIKE." It's not a bad cigarette. We don't grudge the airplane artist the thousand-per that he gets for his difficult and dangerous job. But if anyone wants an illustration of the blending of real grandeur with indescribable meanness which our civilization affords we commend him to this illustration. If anyone wants ammunition for the argument that if we don't look out the machine will kill the soul—here it is, too. In this illustration is the defense of all sorts of people—those who want their boys to study Greek even if they must slight physics, those who develop a goose-flesh at any suggestion of the greatness of the Edisons and the Fords of this world. It is a defense, in fact, of all kinds of cranks and highbrows and knockers. But what a terribly good one it is!

IS there any institution more typically American than the country postmaster? Where else is the holder of such an office quite so amiable or useful a person?—getting up at 5 a. m. to expedite the early mail to the city, hurrying out from church Sunday forenoons to give the waiting farmers their letters and newspapers. Persons wanting any information write to him from afar simply as "Postmaster, Pleasantville, Missouri" (or Vermont, or Tennessee, or New Mexico, as the case may be), while the stranger in the village, whether selling lightning-rods or seeking to trace his family tree, makes first for the man behind the post-office window. A good postmaster is more to a small town than a good mayor is to a large city. So we find ourselves pleasantly stirred over the contest to determine who is the oldest postmaster in the United States. Of course he is a country postmaster—for only country postmasters have time to cultivate old age. It seems that a 93-year older in Caledonia, Alabama, laid claim to the championship. It sounded like a plausible claim until up rose David J. Tavenner, postmaster of Philomont, Virginia, to confront it with his ninety-nine years. Well, six years is not so much difference in the nineties as in the 'teens. It will be still less twenty-five years from now and less again in half a century. Our wish is that both old boys may stand indefinitely, smiling and friendly, behind their grilled windows, as they travel the road back to Methuselah together, until their ages—like two parallel lines—meet in infinity.

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The Crusaders for the League

"LEAGUE Drive Hits Capital; Foes Worried" says the headline over a Washington dispatch to the New York *Globe*. The correspondent reports these forces marshaled to put the United States into the League: the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the World Alliance for International Friendship, the Church Peace Union, the World Peace Foundation, the preachers, the professors, the publicists. These people not only have enormous financial resources; they have the even greater power of moral passion. They are crusaders; they believe that they are marching with God, and they are appealing to the moral sentiment of America to join a league which will, they say, bring peace to Europe and the world.

But there is nothing more dangerous in all the world than sincere moral passion so convinced of its righteousness that it ceases to face the fact-data from which it draws its conclusions. What is this League? Has it made for peace? Can it make for peace? Would America's accession to it strengthen the forces of peace in Europe or the forces that now harry that miserable continent? Upon the answers to these questions depends the validity of the appeal of the Leaguers. They seldom stop to ask or answer them. They are, indeed, much the same group of earnest people who urged the United States into the Great War, also in the name of high moral principles, never stopping to analyze the aims of our Allies, never asking a statement of conditions of peace, firm in the conviction that if only we would go in our own nobility would somehow purify anything wrong in our associates and make everything right in the end. The treaty of peace brought no peace to Europe but the same good folk now tell us that it is all because of our desertion of Europe, that if only we would enter the League all would be well.

What has the League done for peace? It has "settled four major international disputes." These were:

1. The *Finnish-Swedish* dispute over the Aaland Islands —a trifle more important than the recent Panama-Costa Rica dispute.

2. The *Vilna* dispute, wherein the League attempted an honest settlement. But when Poland refused to bow to the League the League bowed to Poland, leaving as its "settlement" a new aching Alsace-Lorraine to trouble the peace of Europe in coming decades.

3. The *Upper Silesian* dispute. Let Mr. Lloyd George, an advocate of the League, describe the action of the League in the case of Upper Silesia:

> In Silesia two Powers of great authority in the League—France and Poland—were passionately engaged in securing a result adverse to Germany. The other party to the dispute had no friends and was, moreover, not a member of the League. Britain stood for fair play, but it was not a protagonist of the claims of Germany. Poland had a powerful advocate in the League, a country with a vital interest in securing a pro-Polish decision. In these circumstances the League ought to have exercised the most scrupulous care to avoid any shadow of doubt as to its freedom of all bias. Had it chosen distinguished jurists outside its own body to try the case as it did in the Aaland case, all would have been well. It preferred, however, to retain the matter in its own hands. Hence doubts and misgivings with which the judgment of the League has been received. . . .

4. The *Albanian-Serbian* dispute. Here the record shows that the League refused to take any action until after the Conference of Ambassadors had settled the major point at issue (unless advice to the conference to hasten its decision may be called "action"). When the ambassadors had settled the boundary-line and the British had lectured Serbia into withdrawal from Albania the League stepped in with a sort of commission of evacuation and claimed credit for the whole.

Meanwhile, according to a compilation made by Miss Frances Kellor, *since the Treaty of Versailles was signed eleven European states have resorted to arms to settle disputes with other Powers, and eight of these were members of the League. Three of the disputes were between members of the League—pledged by the Covenant never to resort to arms until after arbitration or inquiry by the League—and in four more the disputes were begun by members of it.*

The Covenant of the League, it will be recalled, provided also that "any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League." Yet wars have come and gone, and the League has done nothing. It has done nothing in the Near East; it has done nothing in the Ruhr; it has been silent where a voice for peace has been most needed. Meanwhile its administration of the mandates has camouflaged such colonial crimes as the bombing of South African Hottentots by British airplanes, the conscription by France of black "wards of the League," and in the Saar Valley, within 200 miles of the League's headquarters, it has palliated what Mr. Asquith has called a "monstrous specimen of despotic legislation" without parallel in Czarist Russia. When the League dealt with the opium traffic it substituted for the Chinese proposal of restriction to "medical and scientific needs" the words "legitimate uses," thereby condemning India to further debasement in the interest of British government revenue.

There are good men working in the League and for the League, and the intentions of the American people are good. But that is not enough. When the Covenant of this League was first presented at Paris *The Nation* wrote that it was "the memorandum of a working arrangement having in view the organization and apportionment of the material results of victory . . . a permanent constitution for the cabinet conferences of the Great Powers which have been settling the affairs of the world since the armistice." There has been an earnest effort to make it something better, but the effort has not succeeded. The Covenant remains the same; the domination of the League by the Allied Powers is still secure; Germany and Russia are still outlaws. *The Nation* is not isolationist; we realize the interrelation of Europe and America. The League may reform itself and change its character, but the lesson of Paris and Versailles is fresh in our memories. It is our profound conviction that if the United States should join the League at any time in the near future the effect would be, not to bring peace and alleviation to Europe, but to strengthen, by our alliance with them, the disruptive forces that have been dragging Europe steadily downward since 1914. Let our pro-League friends drop for a moment their moral fervor, study the facts, not the theory, of this League, recollect Paris, and beware.

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The Orthodoxy of Democracy

RARELY has an ecclesiastical body furnished such fascinating material for students of religion and democracy as the recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian church. It was emphatically a rank and file convention. What it did and what it did not do expressed the mind—or the feeling—of the masses of the church membership, of the laity even more than the clergy.

Mr. Bryan, the principal figure in the Assembly, is a layman. J. W. Baer, the leader of the fight against Bryan's position on evolution, is also a layman. Bryan's great strength came not only from the sincerity of his religious views and his power to sway audiences, but to some degree from the feeling among certain Southern and Western delegates that he rather than the New Yorkers was the enemy of Wall Street and the friend of peace. Yet Bryan was defeated for moderator and decisively defeated in his fight on evolution. While his great influence counted heavily in the fight against Dr. Fosdick's "heresies," that was less his fight than that of the Philadelphia Presbytery. The victory of the orthodox in that case was won by the rank and file against a majority of twenty-two to one in the committee to which the matter was originally referred, against almost all the leaders in the Assembly except Mr. Bryan, and against the majority of its clerical members.

This was democracy, and democracy was orthodox—yet not indiscriminately orthodox. The rank and file of the Presbyterian church is willing to admit that a man can be a Christian—even a Presbyterian—and believe in evolution; but doubts as to the absolute inerrancy of Scripture, miracles, the Virgin birth, the physical resurrection of Christ, or his sacrifice to satisfy divine justice, are not tolerated.

What the outcome of the present situation will be in the Presbyterian church and in Protestantism generally, no one can foretell. If the Presbytery of New York will stand its ground, the General Assembly will have a hard time under both ecclesiastical and civil law in removing Dr. Fosdick from the pulpit of the First Church. In effect the Presbytery has a year of grace—and there is always a chance that next year's Assembly will reverse this year's action. The protest signed by most of the New York representatives seems to indicate that the Presbytery will not easily yield to the ultra-orthodox majority. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, one of the most distinguished Presbyterian clergymen and pastor of a very influential church, has issued a clear and explicit statement refusing to accept the Assembly's declaration as to the essentials of faith; he declares that in enjoining them upon ministers, the Assembly has exceeded its constitutional power. This may divert the fight from Dr. Fosdick to him. It certainly indicates that liberals will not evade the issue.

It is a question whether they have not evaded it too long. In their desire not to split the church, they have talked the language of Zion without its usual meaning. As one of the orthodox brethren said, there has been more orthodox preaching, praying, and singing than voting—or believing. For a generation many Presbyterian ministers have frankly and openly taught their congregation that evolution is not necessarily anti-Christian. The result told in the Assembly's vote. They have been much less frank in explaining what was and was not in their minds essential in Christianity. Their reticence or evasion also told in the vote.

Yet it must be admitted that belief in evolution touches the average Protestant Christian less closely than doubt as to the perfect inerrancy of the Gospel stories or of the ancient creeds. Protestantism was based on the authoritative Bible and the necessity of saving faith in a hard doctrine of Christ's atonement. Between its essentials and the essentials of religion as they appear to the modernist, even the Christian modernist, there is a greater gulf than between orthodox Calvinism and Roman Catholicism. No wonder the orthodox are aroused. They say quite logically that the character and attainment of their opponents is no defense against heresy. Good men, ere this, have laid impious hands on the ark of the Covenant.

The religious liberal answers that the vital thing is religious experience, that the Christian experience is separable from the rigid formulas in which it was once expressed, and that it may serve as a bond of union when philosophies differ. If liberals can persuade the Protestant churches of the soundness of this position, they may hold them together in denominations based on the difference of previous centuries perpetuated by inertia, sentiment, and vested property interest. If they cannot, there may be a new and more realistic grouping of orthodox and liberal—a change which would probably be accompanied by many lawsuits as to the ownership of ecclesiastical property.

Our Quarrel with Our Allies

THE announcement that Mr. Hughes has asked the Republican National Committee to withdraw its bitter attacks upon the Allied attitude in the negotiations over the costs of the armies on the Rhine emphasizes the public vagueness about the parley just concluded in Paris between Eliot Wadsworth, our Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and representatives of the Allied governments. The apparent purpose of the negotiations was merely to obtain our share of the billion dollars paid by Germany to defray the expenses of the armies of occupation, including our own. There is more beneath the surface.

When Germany paid this billion dollars—which might better have been used for constructive purposes—the Allies were left to apportion it among the governments which had maintained armies in the Rhineland. They divided it up, but left the United States out. When, about two years ago, Secretary Hughes asked for our share, the French Premier, speaking for the Allies, informed him that as we had not signed the Treaty of Versailles we should not ask the Allies for the money but should ask Germany to pay us—to pay a second time what she had already paid to the Allies. Recently the Secretary appears to have awakened to the situation. He renewed his request for payment, but without insisting that we must look for repayment not to Germany but to the Allies, who had already divided up the money that was ours. Our position depended not on the Treaty of Versailles but on the fact that we had furnished the men who did the Allies' work on the Rhine. The Secretary compromised our position by entering before the Mixed Claims Commission a claim against Germany for a second payment of about $250,000,000, which the Allies had, so to speak, embezzled.

Secretary Hughes did not abandon the claim against the Allies. On the contrary, he sent Mr. Wadsworth over to renew it. The Allies, duly aggrieved at our persistence,

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did not deny the claim but sought to make terms, postponing the payment over a period of twelve years. Then Secretary Hughes disclosed another objective, and a most important one. As a consideration for the extension of time, he demanded a free hand in dealing with Germany, enabling Germany to pay the United States the claims found to be due to American citizens by the Mixed Claims Commission now sitting in Washington. By Article 248 of the Treaty of Versailles Germany can make no payments except to the Reparation Commission, so that we are as effectively sewed up by that article as is Germany. It was from this noose that Mr. Hughes sought to buy our release.

He did not succeed. In the final agreement nothing is said regarding independent arrangements with Germany. All the agreement amounts to is that if Germany pays the Allies further sums in addition to reparations in kind, paper-mark requisitions in the occupied zone, and the proceeds of reparation-recovery acts, we shall have the privilege of receiving a maximum of 25 per cent of such excess payments over a period of twelve years as reimbursement of the expenses which we have already made and which Germany has already repaid to the Allies. This is not a very glorious outcome. The Administration is seeking to make it appear that we got something. As a matter of fact the strictures of the Republican Committee, though in bad taste, were accurate. The Allies "did" us.

The Paris press comments that we are not the idealists we seem. M. Jacques Bainville says that "no concern for the economic restoration of the world embarrasses those [American] creditors." This, coming from a Frenchman in 1923, is the last word in irony. What further humiliation shall we have to endure in the liquidation of our enterprise to make the world safe for democracy?

Drama and Detectives

ON the testimony of two detectives who had attended a performance, the producer of Sholom Asch's "The God of Vengeance" and eleven actors in the cast, including the distinguished Rudolph Schildkraut, have been convicted by a jury of the Court of General Sessions of violating the penal laws of the State of New York. Judge McIntyre has fined the producer and Mr. Schildkraut $200 each. He might have sent every member of the cast to Sing Sing for three years. That sounds sufficiently farcical. The farcicalness becomes acute when it is remembered that this conviction is the first of its kind in many years and that the history of the New York stage consists to an extent by no means negligible of the performances of such works as "Up in Mabel's Room," "Getting Gertie's Garter," "The Girl in the Limousine," "Ladies' Night," and "Cold Feet." We reach a climax even beyond this when it is also remembered that proceedings against "The Demi-Virgin" were dropped only last year on the ground that the existing law provided no remedy except the conviction of the owner of the theater in which an immoral play was presented.

We do not quarrel with the statute invoked. It is sufficient; it is necessary; if properly applied and interpreted it will serve to protect us from the inevitable evils of any kind of censorship. But its use and interpretation in this particular instance are of a manifest and dangerous absurdity. The work of a quite good, serious dramatist with a quite good, serious international reputation, was condemned as immoral and obscene on the unassisted testimony of two New York policemen. The defense called witnesses of the highest expertness and reputation. They were not permitted to express their opinion of the play or its performance. On the same pleasant principle that anyone is a competent judge of anything, even as a cat may look at a king, Judge McIntyre charged the jury not to consider the literature of the world but to "apply rules of common sense."

What we should like would be to hear the comment of Judge McIntyre and all other such bluff, honest, ready judges and citizens if they were forced to take the evidence of policemen or of the "common sense" of ordinary jurors on the state of their digestion or their plumbing, on their investments or the education of their children. On these matters they do not pretend to judge; they rely on experts. On art and metaphysics—the most intricate and important of all human affairs—they are satisfied with the testimony of policemen—very ordinary policemen.

Personally they become Sir Oracles. "The people of New York," declared Judge McIntyre, "are anxious to have pure drama." That probably accounts for the phenomenal success of every skilfully produced bedroom farce on record; it probably accounts for the unfailing applause that greets every provocative line in every play that has one. "The drama must be purified," he added. And we dare swear that he could not pass the most elementary ethical or artistic test in regard to a rational grounding of this opinion, but merely gave what seemed to him the respectable view for a dignified and moral gentleman to hold. In brief, this grave and difficult cause was tried with less genuine knowledge, earnestness, or skill in seeking to discover what here constituted justice than would have been used in a trial involving petty pilfering or the interference with an unimportant right of way.

Here we come upon the difficulty that stands in the way of a sane interpretation of the statute. To judge and jurors the cases that come under it are neither grave nor difficult. These honest citizens have never permitted themselves to reflect on such concepts as decency or morality; they might indeed consider such reflection as in itself immoral. And since it is the inevitable function of all serious art to reflect on such concepts, to grow, indeed, out of a transcendence of such concepts as held by any contemporary majority, it is clear that members of that majority cannot in the nature of things distinguish between the ethical quality of a work of art and a bedroom farce, but will actually be more lenient to the latter which upholds their standards in the very act of seeming to outrage them. No juror minds being considered a sad dog; he shudders at the notion that he may not know what decency is.

The local situation receives a further and final tinge of irony from the approval of the conviction publicly expressed by Mr. Arthur Hopkins, Mr. William Harris, Jr., Mr. Daniel Frohman, and Mr. Lee Shubert, the exhibitor of more square yards of fair epidermis than any manager on record. Are these gentlemen all going to spend their declining years producing sentimental comedies of the school of John Golden? Will they never touch the serious drama which is always in danger of the fate of "The God of Vengeance"? Will Mr. Shubert introduce high-necked dresses and sweeping trains at the Winter Garden? Nothing was needed to complete this public comedy but the applause of Mr. A. H. Woods. His silence honors him.

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Upton Sinclair Defends the Law

IN refusing to bow to the police of Los Angeles, who in the harbor strike have been the servile tools of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, Upton Sinclair is strictly and legally a defender of the law against those who would violate it. And it is doubly to his praise that in this case he, a civilian, happens to be defending the law against the men who are sworn and paid to uphold it and have all the power of constituted authority on their side. The facts are undisputed: the police arrested Mr. Sinclair and his associates on *private property*, where they had assembled with the written consent of the owner. The law gives a police officer the right to enter private property only in two cases: if he has a warrant of arrest, or if a felony is actually being committed. Neither of these excuses existed in Los Angeles. The persons interfered with would have been legally justified in dealing with the police as violently as with a thief or kidnapper. We print below Mr. Sinclair's letter to the chief of police of Los Angeles because it is a recital of facts which our readers should know and a nobly patriotic protest which should have their support.

Pasadena, California, May 17, 1923

LOUIS D. OAKS,
Chief of Police, Los Angeles

Having escaped from your clutches yesterday afternoon, owing to the fact that one of your men betrayed your plot to my wife, I am now in position to answer your formal statement to the public, that I am "more dangerous than 4,000 I.W.W." I thank you for this compliment, for to be dangerous to lawbreakers in office such as yourself is the highest duty that a citizen of this community can perform.

In the presence of seven witnesses I obtained from Mayor Cryer on Tuesday afternoon the promise that the police would respect my constitutional rights at San Pedro, and that I would not be molested unless I incited to violence. But when I came to you, I learned that you had taken over the mayor's office at the Harbor. Now, from your signed statement to the press, I learn that you have taken over the district attorney's office also; for you tell the public: "I will prosecute Sinclair with all the vigor at my command, and upon his conviction I will demand a jail sentence with hard labor." And you then sent your men to swear to a complaint charging me with "discussing, arguing, orating, and debating certain thoughts and theories, which thoughts and theories were contemptuous of the constitution of the State of California, calculated to cause hatred and contempt of the government of the United States of America, and which thoughts and theories were detrimental and in opposition to the orderly conduct of affairs of business, affecting the rights of private property and personal liberty, and which thoughts and theories were calculated to cause any citizen then and there present and hearing the same to quarrel and fight and use force and violence." And this although I told you at least a dozen times in your office that my only purpose was to stand on private property with the written permission of the owner, and there to read the Constitution of the United States; and you perfectly well know that I did this, and only this, and that three sentences from the Bill of Rights of the Constitution was every word that I was permitted to utter—the words being those which guarantee "freedom of speech and of the press, and the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for the redress of grievances."

But you told me that "this Constitution stuff" does not go at the Harbor. You have established martial law, and you told me that if I tried to read the Constitution, even on private property, I would be thrown into jail, and there would be no bail for me—and this even though I read you the provision of the State constitution guaranteeing me the right to bail. When you arrested me and my friends, you spirited us away and held us "incomunicado," denying us what is our clear legal right, to communicate with our lawyers. All night Tuesday, and all day Wednesday up to four o'clock, you and your agents at the various jails and station-houses repeated lies to my wife and my attorneys and kept me hidden from them. When the clamor of the newspaper men forced you to let them interview me, you forced them to pledge not to reveal where I was. You had Sergeant Currie drive us up to Los Angeles, with strict injunctions not to get there before four o'clock—he did not tell me, but I heard another man give the order to him, and I watched his maneuvers to carry it out. It was your scheme to rush us into court at the last moment before closing, have lawyers appointed for us, and have us committed without bail, and then spirit us away and hide us again. To that end you had me buried in a cell in the city jail, and to my demands for counsel the jailers made no reply. Only the fact that someone you trusted tipped my wife off prevented the carrying out of this criminal conspiracy. My lawyers rushed to the jail, and forced the granting of bail, just on the stroke of five o'clock, the last moment.

I charge, and I intend to prove in court, that you are carrying out the conspiracy of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association to smash the harbor strike by brutal defiance of law. I was in the office of I. H. Rice, president of this association, and heard him getting his orders from Hammond of the Hammond Lumber Company, and heard his promise to Hammond that the job would be done without delay. It is you who are doing the job for Rice, and the cruelties you are perpetrating would shock this community if they were known, and they will be punished if there is a God in Heaven to protect the poor and friendless. You did all you could to keep me from contact with the strikers in jail; nevertheless I learned of one horror that was perpetrated only yesterday—fifty men crowded into one small space, and because they committed some slight breach of regulations, singing their songs, they were shut in this hole for two hours without a breath of air, and almost suffocated. Also I saw the food that these men are getting twice a day, and you would not feed it to your dog. And now the city council has voted for money to build a "bull-pen" for strikers, and day by day the public is told that the strike is broken, and the men, denied every civil right, have no place to meet to discuss their policies, and no one to protect them or to protest for them. That is what you want—those are the orders you have got from the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association; the men are to go back as slaves, and the Constitution of the United States is to cease to exist so far as concerns workingmen.

All I can say, sir, is that I intend to do what little one man can do to awaken the public conscience, and that meantime I am not frightened by your menaces. I am not a giant physically; I shrink from pain and filth and vermin and foul air, like any other man of refinement; also, I freely admit that when I see a line of a hundred policemen with drawn revolvers flung across a street to keep anyone from coming onto private property to hear my feeble voice, I am somewhat disturbed in my nerves. But I have a conscience and a religious faith, and I know that our liberties were not won without suffering, and may be lost again through our cowardice. I intend to do my duty to my country. I have received a telegram from the American Civil Liberties Union in New York, asking me if I will speak at a mass meeting of protest in Los Angeles, and I have answered that I will do so. That meeting will be called at once, and you may come there and hear what the citizens of this community think of your efforts to introduce the legal proceedings of Czarist Russia into our free Republic.

UPTON SINCLAIR

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A Newspaper with Six Thousand Owners

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SIX thousand two hundred and fifty people own the stock of the *Minnesota Daily Star*, now being published in Minneapolis; these owners are even said to represent thirteen thousand others who are indirect owners by reason of their memberships in labor unions which hold stock. Six thousand two hundred and fifty men and women have cared enough about a free press in Minnesota to put their savings into this enterprise and by doing so they have made it the most interesting experiment in popular newspaper ownership in our English-language press. Despairing of getting fair and unprejudiced treatment for the causes dear to their hearts from the press of the Twin Cities, they determined to have a daily organ to voice their views.

People still remember that the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* was one of the dailies convicted by Charles E. Hughes during the insurance investigation of printing bogus news of the inquiry at one dollar a line. The *Pioneer Press* may have reformed since that time, and doubtless it has so far as the venality of its columns is concerned, but so many have been the transgressions of this group of dailies that, like so many other American newspapers, they are supported by thousands and thousands who are without confidence in them. The *Pioneer Press* and its contemporaries no more represent the views of great classes of our citizens who are struggling for economic freedom than does the New York *Times* or the Chicago *Tribune*. More than that, the Twin City dailies are at times utterly ignorant of what is going on under their own eyes. This is clearly demonstrated by the fact that one of the Minneapolis journals sent an editor to Senator Shipstead after his astounding election in the fall of 1922 with the request that he be good enough to tell them just what had happened to the State of Minnesota and why it was that he, this Farmer-Labor candidate, had been elected over the Republican and Democratic aspirants for the Senate.

So the men and women who had joined the Nonpartisan League movement decided three years ago that the time had come for an effort to win a square deal from the press. That movement, now nearly deflated, was then at its bubble height and the plan was to build up the free daily by the League and to build the League around the daily. As its editor and organizer the League leaders selected "a veteran journalist," Mr. Herbert E. Gaston, and largely under his guidance, spurred by the enthusiasm of many workers, stock to the amount of $750,000 was sold to farmers and workingmen, chiefly in small amounts. Associated with Mr. Gaston was Thomas Van Lear, who is now the dominating force in the *Minnesota Daily Star*. For two years Socialist Mayor of Minneapolis, his administration is universally admitted to have been in most respects well above the average. Vigilant in his defense of popular rights, he persistently vetoed ordinances favoring the traction and gas companies. Being himself strongly opposed to the declaration of war, he saved the people of Minneapolis from much of the annoyance and suffering which came to most of our cities, in which the mayors at will suspended the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, civil rights, and any laws that happened to conflict with the war hysteria of the pack.

Finding difficulty in getting adequate quarters, a far too substantial and costly concrete and steel building, one hundred by one hundred feet, was constructed, the necessary presses and equipment purchased, and the enterprise launched on August 19, 1920. Since that time its growth has been so remarkable that the *Star* merits for this reason alone as careful study by those who are hoping for the rise of a popular press as do the New York *Call* and the Seattle *Union Record*. The *Star* grew from 35,837 readers to 53,850 in the eighteen months from October 15, 1921, to April 2, 1923, a steady gain of 1,000 readers a month. This is an altogether encouraging record, for it has grown in the face of considerable hostility, especially on the part of its rivals, and without the department-store advertising which so many women of small incomes read in search of the bargains which help to make both ends meet. Of this circulation a trifle over 50 per cent is in the city; the rest is in the country districts. This showing is the more creditable because, on account of the expense, the *Star* has had to abandon some 2,100 patrons in St. Paul to whom the paper was being served by carriers. It has also been made in the face of the fact that the *Star* is a Minneapolis newspaper, despite its name, and is not given to carrying much news even of St. Paul, let alone the State.

But it must be frankly admitted that this growth has been obtained by stooping to all the current fads, the big headlines, the comic strips, and the green night-extra sheets of the regular press. There is nothing whatever in the appearance of the *Star* to differentiate it from the ordinary daily. Its managers declare that without adopting these features they could not have built up the paper so rapidly, if at all. They insist that big headlines govern the newsstand sales, and they declare that a rival, which is much handsomer and more conservative in appearance, has steadily lost ground. Moreover, when my subscription expired I was offered my choice of a suit of overalls—"better," it urges, "grab a pair of these while they last"!—an automobile wrench, or some cutlery if I would renew—a practice which the *Star* feels that it must adhere to because its chief rivals do the same.

When it comes to the advertising side, the *Star* has succeeded in getting enough to enable it to reduce its monthly operating deficit at this writing (May, 1923) to a small sum. It has obtained a considerable volume of announcements and has hit upon the expedient of getting merchants in certain sections of Minneapolis to do what is practically neighborhood advertising. It has not yet succeeded in inducing the large department stores to use its columns, but it has lately been taken up by some of the large banks. Whether that is to the advantage of the *Star* or not remains to be seen. It is precisely in advertising of this kind, and also in the department-store advertising, that the pitfalls lie. For there is a subconscious as well as a conscious pressure upon business managers who are in the unfortunate position of having deficits and bond interest to meet to soft-pedal when it comes to dealing not only with existing advertisers, but with potential ones. There are those who think that the *Star* is already beginning to weaken. At least they are wondering if it will now attack

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mistaken banking policies such as the efforts of the Twin City banking ring to control the rural banks and to close those whose owners dare to be politically independent. Time will show this. For the rest, the *Star's* advertising is clean and its extent is a tribute to the skill of the selling force. It has in its business manager, Mr. John Thompson, an able executive with Eastern newspaper experience to whom belongs much of the credit for the progress made.

The forceful personality of the *Star* is, however, Mr. Van Lear. Because of his knowledge of the *Star's* field, his personal friendships running into thousands, the faith of labor in him, his intimate understanding of the political situation, and his dogged will power, he has, since the retirement of Mr. Gaston, become the controlling force—there are those who think that his leadership runs to dictatorship. But in judging the *Star* so far as it has gone it must be recalled that the experiment is still in a formative stage; that it is not yet three years old. It must be remembered, too, that it was never organized on a truly democratic basis or as a cooperative enterprise. It is a pity that it was not, for if it could have succeeded as a wholly democratic institution the value of the experiment would be far greater than it will be if it succeeds merely in making money for its stockholders without demonstrating that there can be democracy among the workers as well as among large groups of owners.

The *Star* started off with a vigorous and virile editorial policy, but it no longer makes a deep impression with its editorial page. It lacks distinction and vital force. It is without that passion for its causes which one expects from an organ dedicated in advance to certain specific battles. Its editorials are not only short comments, but they usually lack both information and power. In this respect the *Star* has indubitably lost ground since the departure from its staff of Mr. Herbert E. Gaston because of a clash of personalities and Mr. Gaston's refusal to recede from his view of what are the rights and privileges of an editor. His departure is still lamented by many of the *Star's* staunchest friends. Under his guidance it was finding its way into the middle-class homes which must be won for labor if its cause is to succeed in the long run. It still, of course, stands for liberalism and tolerance; it still records on its editorial page much news of the progress of the labor movement the world over, and it is virtually the organ of the political Farmer-Labor movement which has made such remarkable headway in Minnesota since the Nonpartisan League has faded away. But it does not give the educational guidance it should; its managers seem to have the conventional fear of the long editorial, and while the editorials it prints may at times burn with righteous indignation such are few and far between. Yet here, it seems to me, is the crux of the whole experiment. Why should one wish to carry on another daily unless as a flaming evangel of some cause or causes?

As for its policies, the *Star* advocates State-owned grain elevators, government ownership of railroads and mines, the use of our government-owned ships to compete with the shipping combine, a full-crew train bill, cooperative marketing and cooperative buying, and the rest of the Farmer-Labor program, which simply means the abolition of all special privilege—not such a terribly radical platform for a daily which is continually denounced as bolshevik! Of course, it is against the tariff robbery and ship subsidies, as well as the proposed restoration of capital punishment by hanging, and against bond issues for public expenses—"Let's Pay as We Go" is its motto. Naturally it opposes the Fascisti movement here and abroad. Its sense of righteousness compels it to oppose the Ruhr infamy and to demand justice for the Russian people. In other words it stands more or less firmly for what in England would be considered very mild labor policies, national and international. It has surely taken the right side on most public questions.

It has been the experience of the liberal weeklies that among their readers are many editors who do not share their views but who read to get another point of view and facts not found elsewhere. It is also true that many thousands of people read the Hearst dailies because of their desire to see "what the other fellow is saying," and because of admiration for the style of certain of the Hearst editors. The *Star* should profit by these and other examples; at present it seems to think that an unimpressive editorial page is all that the situation calls for. This may be due to fear of repelling possible advertisers by achieving a reputation for dangerous radicalism or to a policy of lying low until a paying readership is built up. But when the circulation of the *Star* reaches about 60,000 or 70,000 it will probably be near the limit of the number obtainable in Minneapolis by means of big headlines and green night-extras. Then will come the test of the paper's ability to widen its field by sheer, intrinsic merit. There is no better way to accomplish this than to make it famed for its editorial courage and plain speaking.

One must not, however, underestimate the *Star's* achievements to date or fail to realize the enormous difficulty of the undertaking. Really to succeed in the best sense, Mr. Van Lear must expect to make the *Star* unpopular, especially in those circles which control the great volume of advertising. If I am right in believing that the paper is burdened with an undue capital investment which should not have been incurred until it was much farther along—many a successful newspaper has started in wretched quarters with second-hand machinery—that can be overcome as well as the loss of the support of the Nonpartisan League, if the paper can maintain a reputation for grappling courageously with local abuses as well as with State and national economic problems. Dealing easily with existing evils does very well for a time, but in the long run the *Star* will live or die as its leadership is fearless, outspoken, and constructive and it can convince the community which it serves of its absolute and unswerving rectitude and honesty of purpose. The slightest justified suspicion that it is yielding to advertising pressure, or that it could be called off from any crusade for the benefit of the public, would damage it irretrievably, for then there would be slight reason why anybody should prefer it to the existing dailies. Indeed, I am heretic enough to believe that in the long run it will succeed best as it ceases to ape the follies of the ordinary press and will prosper directly as it differs from the dailies with which it has to compete. The necessity, for instance, for its green extra pages does not seem so convincing when one notices that only from 6,000 to 7,000 are sold on the stands. That is a small percentage of the whole 53,000 or 54,000 to cater to by such sensationalism. But the proof of the pudding is the eating; if the *Star* succeeds, its managers will be able to claim their justification.

To date the greatest of the *Star's* many services is that it has printed much news which would otherwise not have seen the light of day in Minnesota, and it has had a con-

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siderable effect in compelling its rivals to carry news which they would otherwise have ignored. Thus, the existence of the *Star* makes the other editors watch what it is going to say, and, if it carries on a crusade, the other papers are after awhile compelled to take public cognizance, even if they originally did not intend to do so. If this is a somewhat negative influence, it is none the less extremely important. One cannot overestimate, too, how much the *Star* has done to hearten and to bind together the groups for which it is pleading. It played a large part in carrying Minnesota for Shipstead and it can be counted on to give much publicity to what is being done and what must be done to safeguard this victory and to win new ones.

Finally, the success of the *Star* is of enormous moment to the cause of good journalism everywhere. None of the popularly owned and group-created dailies of similar type is on a firm financial foundation. Whoever first achieves success with a newspaper which has thousands of owners will have rendered a service to journalism and to the country much more worthy of a distinguished service cross than many of the recipients of these freely bestowed tokens of a grateful Republic. If it can find a way out of its difficulties; if it can win success without serious compromise and then gradually lift its readership to higher standards of journalism by adopting them itself; if it can steer between the Scylla of violent radicalism and the Charybdis of timid silence for the sake of advertising; if it can make money but save its soul, the *Star* with its 6,250 owners will be worth acclaiming throughout the Union.

The next article in this series on American newspapers will be Frank Munsey: Dealer in Dailies.

Political Peonage in the Virgin Islands

By ARTHUR WARNER

(The Nation's Special Correspondent in the Caribbean)

I

St. Thomas, March 1

THREE tiny dots where the Caribbean merges with the Atlantic. An area of 132 square miles, about one-tenth that of Rhode Island. A population of 26,000 persons, 92 per cent of whom are wholly or partly Negro.

Such are St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, once the Danish West Indies, but, since their purchase for $25,000,000 in 1917, known as the Virgin Islands of the United States. Statistically speaking they are not worth much of the time or thought of a nation whose total territory embraces nearly four million square miles, whose aggregate population approaches 120,000,000 persons. Yet there are reasons apart from size why the Virgin Islands are deserving of national attention, especially at this moment when they have reached political stagnation and all but economic bankruptcy. There is national honor—the fulfilment of treaty obligations, expressed or implied. There is what we like to call the "American standard of living" and how far below it we should be willing to see the people of any of our national territory descend. There is the influence that the administration of these islands has upon our foreign reputation, especially in South America and the West Indies. Finally, there is humanity—what Dives in prosperity owes to Lazarus in distress.

The visitor to the Virgin Islands after six years of American occupation finds the inhabitants filled with dissatisfaction, dismay, almost despair. The trouble is not all due to our administration. The United States took hold at a time when the islands were running down hill economically, a movement which attained the speed of a roller coaster when the world-wide business depression began in 1920. But American occupation has been ineffective, apparently indifferent, in the face of industrial disaster. The naval government has not even been willing to help the farmers of St. Croix by buying their butter and meat, but imports all its supplies from the United States. There is little hope of better conditions so long as the islands are administered by naval officers under a governmental system that is a combination of archaic monarchism with modern militarism.

The Virgin Islands were under a civilian government when they were peaceably transferred to the United States, and the only excuse for putting them even temporarily under naval rule was that they were taken over just as America was entering the European War, when Washington was too busy to elaborate a suitable administration. That excuse has been outlawed these four years since the signing of the armistice. The islands are still administered under the hastily drawn act of March 3, 1917, which vested virtually all power in the President, stipulating that he might assign an officer of the Army or Navy to serve as Governor. In the preoccupation of the moment President Wilson practically turned over the government to the Navy, officers of which have administered it ever since.

The most serious omission of our six years in the Virgin Islands is the failure to grant citizenship to the natives. "The civil rights and political status of the inhabitants of the islands shall be determined by Congress," the treaty of cession said. Congress has not yet taken action under this clause. Meanwhile a native who wishes to go abroad travels with a passport describing him as "an inhabitant of the Virgin Islands entitled to the protection of the United States." If he comes to the United States to live—and there are said to be 8,000 Virgin Islanders in New York City—he finds himself literally "a man without a country." He is not an American citizen, and yet under the ruling of the State Department he is denied an alien's opportunity to become one through naturalization.

Porto Ricans thoroughly in sympathy with American sovereignty have told me that the greatest mistake of the United States in that island was its delay of nearly twenty years in granting the natives citizenship. This delay laid the foundation for an anti-American sentiment by giving the natives the impression that the people of the United States were eager to add the land of Porto Rico to their national domain but unwilling to accept its inhabitants as fellow-members of their body politic. Are we to repeat in the Virgin Islands the mistake made in Porto Rico?

Interwoven with the issue of American citizenship is that of civilian government. When the United States took over the islands they had a civilian government, although

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not of a democratic or forward-looking sort. For fifty years Denmark had been negotiating for the sale of her West Indian possessions and, with this as a more or less imminent probability, had apparently thought it not worth while to extend to the islands the progressive measures which in recent times it established for its own people. The franchise was limited to male landowners whose property yielded $60 a year or to other men whose income amounted to $300 a year. The income restriction may seem trifling, but with the low wages paid in the Virgin Islands it prevented virtually all industrial workers from voting. Even possession of the vote carried little power—only the right to elect members of the Colonial Council. There were two colonial councils, one jointly for the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, the other for St. Croix. In each case the Colonial Council fixed the taxes and authorized the expenditures, with the approval of the Governor. The Governor's natural influence over the colonial councils was increased by his right to appoint four of the sixteen members for St. Thomas and St. John and five of the twenty men for St. Croix. All in all, an unrepresentative, unprogressive, un-American system.

Yet America adopted that system as its own!—at least what was convenient of it. Under the Congressional act it is possible, apparently, to do away with the entire Danish heritage, but the Navy officers have chosen to establish their administration upon the body—or shall one say the corpse?—of the old civilian government. Undemocratic as was this government, it was more popular than the present one. Danish civilian government was conducted in the interest of the property-holding classes, but it was tolerant and friendly toward the moneyless masses. American naval government is conducted in its own interest, and it is clannish and unsympathetic toward both the possessing classes and the dispossessed masses.

II

Formerly our regime in the Virgin Islands called itself frankly a "naval government." Recently it has taken pains to say (without any change in character) that it is a "civil government." At the same time it has tried to break two of the pillars of civil government—an independent judiciary and a free press. The appointment of judges is commonly an executive function in democratic government; but the discharge of judges by an executive is never permitted for the reason that it would revive the evil of which His Majesty George III is accused in the Declaration of Independence: "He has made Judges dependent upon his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices." In Danish times judges were removable only by judicial process. Governor Oman, of the United States Navy, finding himself displeased with Judge Malmin, discharged him while on the way to the United States on vacation. The United States Circuit Court sent Judge Malmin back, but he got only as far as Porto Rico when President Harding, exercising the supreme powers over the Virgin Islands conferred upon him by the Congressional act, intervened. Judge Malmin received a message in San Juan in consequence of which he returned to the United States. Admiral Kittelle, who succeeded Governor Oman, went a step further last summer and tried to force through the Colonial Council of St. Thomas and St. John a measure giving him authority to discharge judges. When the Colonial Council refused to do his bidding, he dissolved it.

Governor Kittelle also began the attack upon the freedom of the press which has been continued by the present Governor, Captain Henry H. Hough. An account of these maneuvers was given in a previous number of *The Nation*, and it is only necessary to recall here that two natives have been prosecuted by the government and convicted of contempt of court for editorial criticism of the mildest kind, while for similar utterances two aliens have been deported.

One of the serious causes of friction during the American occupation has been the constant presence of sailors and marines. The sailors, engaged at the navy yard in St. Thomas or aboard ships in the harbor, are more or less inevitable as long as a naval base is maintained in the islands; the marines are altogether superfluous. In the early days of American occupation there were some savage attacks upon natives by sailors or marines. Latterly their behavior has been better, but a fruitful source of trouble and annoyance is the fact that the Virgin Islands police—the rank and file of which are natives and Negroes—are not allowed to arrest sailors or marines for disorder or crime in the streets or public places; nor can sailors or marines be tried by the insular courts. It is necessary to summon the military guard and try them, if at all, by courts martial. In Danish days the police and insular courts had authority over soldiers in public places, a condition which exists in the United States and virtually all over the world. The denial of this authority in the Virgin Islands causes unnecessary delay in case of trouble and sets the sailors and marines up as a privileged class. The effect both on them and on the rest of the people is demoralizing.

But the cruelest consequence of the American occupation of the Virgin Islands has been the introduction of the color line into a population nine-tenths of which is Negro. The Danes virtually ignored color. Danish soldiers married Negro women and took them home to Denmark when they went. At Danish social functions, official or otherwise, Negroes were invited without any thought of their color, and in the general life of the islands the black man had no reason to feel inferior, or to think that others considered him so. In six years all that has changed. Negroes are no longer invited to social functions among the whites. The colored man—first dazed, later chagrined, finally resentful—has been initiated into that unreasoning prejudice against a black skin of which the United States is so tragic an exponent.

The naval regime in the Virgin Islands has not been without its benefits. The service of the hospitals has been extended, the sanitary arrangements have been bettered, and the schools have been greatly improved. In Danish times free education amounting to about three years of our primary schools was considered enough, and that was largely religious in character. The American occupation is offering the natives free education up to the completion of the high school. One reason for the success of the schools is that the naval administration has put them under civilian direction.

As a whole the naval administrators of the Virgin Islands impress one as competent and well-meaning, but their long saturation in giving and taking orders makes them misfits as government officials and public servants, especially when thrown among a people with different habits and psychology from their own. They have not succeeded in establishing friendly relations even with the white aristocracy of the island of St. Croix, where the planter families virtually ignore them socially. This, it is said, is due to the indiscre-

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tion of one of the pioneer naval officers who expressed the opinion that there was not a family domiciled on the island for as long as fifty years that did not have "a lick of the tar brush" in it.

What has been said so far has had to do only with the political difficulties of the Virgin Islands. This aspect has been stressed partly because the responsibility for it rests flatly upon the people of the United States, but also because there is a remedy at hand which if it does not offer a complete cure—that awaits the millennium—promises at least immediate improvement. The remedy is to end the unrepresentative and autocratic rule which the Navy has superimposed upon an obsolete and absurd foundation surviving from Danish days, replacing it with American citizenship, civilian government, and democratic institutions based upon universal manhood and womanhood suffrage. Self-government should be extended by degrees, with virtual autonomy as the ultimate goal. It is inconceivable that a great modern democracy should hold indefinitely as political peons the friendly inhabitants of a peaceably acquired territory, meantime administering their affairs through a war-making branch of the government.

III

But the best political system in the world will be futile unless it is the foundation for an economic reconstruction of the Virgin Islands. Civil rights are small comfort for an empty stomach. Unemployment and hunger are pressing the natives hard. Just around the corner is actual starvation unless relieved by emigration or economic rehabilitation. Industrially speaking, the Virgin Islands belong to a past era. St. Thomas is commercial; St. Croix is agricultural; St. John is neither, but as its population has shrunk to fewer than 1,000 persons its immediate relief is less a problem than that of the other two islands. St. Thomas is almost wholly mountainous, and its population is mostly urban, settled about the harbor which for many years gave a good living through coaling ships, furnishing them with supplies, and serving as a transfer point for Caribbean cargoes. Changes in ships and shipping have spoiled all that and left the port to decay. Its inhabitants are now largely without work and only scantily supplied with food. Except for the money spent by the American occupation and remittances from relatives in the United States, the majority of the people could not live at all. A number may work out their salvation by returning to the land, but unless the population is to dwindle to half or a fourth of its present size, some industry must be started which will produce something to sell to the outside world. In view of the cheapness of labor, there would seem to be opportunity for the manufacture of articles requiring a large amount of handwork and not so bulky as to eat up the profits in transportation charges.

Economic conditions on the island of St. Croix are as bad as those of St. Thomas, but from different causes. St. Croix lives by agriculture, with sugar-cane as the principal crop. For a good many years the sugar industry of St. Croix suffered from the competition of the more productive plantations of the larger West Indian islands, but for the last three years it has been additionally handicapped by drought, and is now facing the prospect of a fourth dry season. In consequence the planters are discouraged and have beaten down wages to forty cents a day for first-class field laborers and twenty to twenty-five for second-class workers. Even these pitiful pittances cannot be obtained six days a week the year around. Three or four days a week is probably a good average. Living costs average as high as in the United States, but the field workers get their houses—usually containing only one room for the entire family—rent free.

The field workers of St. Croix are made up about equally of men and women, who do not own individually an acre of the land they cultivate. But at least three-fourths of them are unionized, and during the prosperous year of 1920, when they forced wages up to $1 a day, the St. Croix Labor Union bought 2,500 acres of land. For the most part the land has been "squatted out." That is, plots have been leased at small annual rentals to union members to be worked individually, usually in the cultivation of sugar-cane. Partly due to lack of capital for the purchase of fertilizer and partly due to deficient experience or energy in cultivation, most of these plots have yielded poor returns, even when compared with the unfavorable crops of the whole drought-blistered island. Still this "squatting out" is the most hopeful sign on the industrial horizon of St. Croix. Some of the owners of large estates have also begun to "squat out" part of their holdings, and the system may eventually embrace most of the cultivatable land. Sugar-growing on the island is no longer sufficiently profitable to attract the man looking for big money, but the native laborer, with his simple wants, may be able to do it.

IV

So far Congress has increased rather than relieved the industrial distress of the Virgin Islands. While ignoring them in other respects, it has extended to them several Federal laws without any advance knowledge of their inevitable consequences. Chief among these is the Volstead act, which was applied to the islands by special legislation in 1921, although it was not extended to the Philippines. Without regard to whether the prohibition-enforcement law is good or bad for continental America, it is obvious that it has decreased the industrial opportunities of the Virgin Islands at a time when there was most reason for conserving every possible vestige of them. It has made useless the molasses of the St. Croix sugar factories, hitherto used for the famous Santa Cruz rum, while it has deprived St. Thomas of a once considerable commerce in the sale and transshipment of liquor. The business men of the island are clamoring for a change to permit at least of a resumption of the liquor trade for foreign account.

Objection is also made to the introduction of the Federal quarantine system, which does not permit a vessel to get a health clearance between sunset and sunrise. Under the Danes St. Thomas was a twenty-four-hour port. Today, when business is most needed, a good many ships that might otherwise put in for coal or oil pass by.

Congress owes it to the national honor and to the people of our most recently acquired territory to make up for six years of neglect by sending a commission to the islands. It should not consist of members of Congress, even of the ablest sort, because they would be unwilling to give the necessary time. Congress sent a commission of its own members to the islands in 1920. It stayed two days on St. Thomas, half a day on St. John, and three days on St. Croix, learning little and accomplishing nothing. What is needed is a small commission containing political, industrial, and agricultural experts who will spend two or three months on the islands with a view to making recommendations for a new political system and an economic revival.

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Me and America

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

I GET up out of bed on the wrong side of the bed and gaze through the wrong window at the Washington political scene and think how peculiar I must be.

I admire Andrew Mellon. So do almost all conservatives, and also reactionaries. Mr. Mellon said that the higher surtaxes would not produce much revenue. They do not. Mr. Mellon was accurately and unpopularly right. Yet he cannot be charged with trying to be right simply on behalf of the very rich. The very rich are very fond of tax-exempt securities. Mr. Mellon is the root source of all the agitation against tax-exempt securities. Also he has prevailed upon Congress to close several great legal gaps through which the very rich were managing to escape.

I also greatly admire Robert Marion La Follette, but when last year Mr. La Follette told me that he was going to vote against this last tariff bill, I was startled. I knew that his course, if calculated with the help of a seismograph pointed recordingly to the rear and a telescope pointed on an accordant line to the future, would cause him to collide with that bill. Yet I was startled. Mr. La Follette had as many tariff-hunters in his State as any other Northwestern Republican senator had in his. The others were virtually unanimously ascending along with the tariff to any height which the combined endeavors of the farm bloc and of the Eastern industrial bloc could achieve. I mentioned wool-growers. Mr. La Follette's face turned tense—I mean, tenser; and over all the rugged rigor of it there came a happy light of grim remorseless educational purpose.

"I will go and teach those wool-growers," he said, "that for every dollar they make out of the wool provisions of this tariff they will lose two or three because of its other provisions."

La Follette is a true "demagogue." Most demagogues in Washington are not true demagogues in the true etymological sense of the word. They do not "lead" the people. They follow the people. They are slaves to the people. They often call themselves "conservatives." They are conservatives only when for the moment the people are conservative. When the people want an outrageously un-conservative and socialistic bill like the Lenroot-Anderson intermediate-rural-credit government-banking bill they vote for it and the President signs it.

La Follette is different. If La Follette is ever radical, it is in the degree to which he is always radical—no less, no more. La Follette is not made in the image of Wisconsin. Wisconsin is made in the image of him. There could have been ten Wisconsins in the Northwest if God in His infinite wondrousness had made ten Robert Marion La Follettes.

I admire this one and only Battling Bob, this unique embodiment of demagogic wilfulness, this devout and self-sacrificing and bigoted believer in the people's will who in order to ascertain that will creates it. Along with my fellow-radicals I am for him. Of course my fellow-reactionaries and I have to part company with Mr. La Follette on many industrial matters. I crave admittance to Mr. La Follette's company, however, in the industrial matter of labor. I am antiquely opposed to governmental meddling with prices. I am highly, progressively in favor of a voice by labor in industrial management. I am peculiar—oh, very.

Then I look out of another window and contemplate the White House. Would anybody call Mr. Harding peculiar? No. Yet he does the following things:

Opposes government in business. Wants business to stand on its own sturdy feet. Proposes to dope the shipping business with a subsidy. Detests government operation. Adopts it for ships. Curses the farm bloc and class legislation. Signs the bill exempting cooperative farmers from the Sherman anti-trust law. Signs every other farm bloc bill. Is against radicals. Is nevertheless against invading Russia. Is also against expelling socialists from legislatures for being socialists. Has said some of our very best things in favor of free speech. Is a strong believer in the most fundamental doctrine of progress—freedom to think and to hear and learn in order to think. Is also a strong believer in principles which would reduce our railroad employees to the status of national serfs.

I feel that Mr. Harding is almost as peculiar as I am. I open a large window and look at the country.

I begin to be of better cheer. As I look back over the various tens of thousands of Americans whom I have met in the course of being a roving reporter, I perceive that a perfectly amazing percentage of them would seem to any well-ordered European mind to be just simply altogether mad. They can take an opinion from the extreme white right and an opinion from the extreme red left and add a little Puritan blue and call it all one color and say: "God send us a political party which will have the courage to fly this color!"

A great light comes upon me and I decide to call up the Republican and Democratic national committees.

"Is that you, Mr. Adams? Is that you, Judge Hull? Well, I've just found out why your parties exist. You don't know why they exist? Well, I can tell you. The reason is that if we had logical parties, they would have no memberships. Or, if they had memberships, there would have to be millions of them. Mr. Harding would have to have a party all to himself. So would I.

"Or perhaps I would find myself paying dues to a reactionary party, a conservative party, a progressive party, and a radical party. However, I would hate every one of them and inside of a year I would be calling a convention to found a party containing ideas from all of them.

"But that is what you, Mr. Adams, and you, Judge Hull, have done already. We Americans invented cocktails to mix our liquors and the Republican and Democratic parties to mix our ideas. We are makers of money, skeptics of wealth, admirers of profits, suspecters of profiteerings, partisans of toil, watch dogs of property, jailers of labor leaders, busters of trusts, despisers of office-holders, multipliers of bureaucrats, and firm believers in the proposition that a political party which would most help us to do all these things at one and the same time would most have 'principles.' It would. But in no such country could any party succeed which was based on *a principle*.

"I just called you up to tell you so, Mr. Adams and Judge Hull, and to warn you against shifting your service from political cocktails to political straight drinks. You have no such intention? I am relieved. I thank you, gentlemen. On behalf of me and America, I thank you. It would kill us to be ruled by any party which did not contain at least a trace of La Follette and at least a dash of Mellon."

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In the Driftway

NOW that "The Golden Bough" has been issued in one volume the Drifter can afford to read it. Formerly he was prohibited from such a royal feast partly by financial considerations and partly by one of the firmest of his few and tottering principles, that of never reading books in a library. In a short section on The Magician's Progress Sir James Frazer has many interesting things to say, and as they are all said about primitive society, we civilized folk need not object to reading them. "In savage society," writes Sir James, "there is commonly to be found . . . what we may call public magic, that is, sorcery practiced for the benefit of the whole community." This practice develops rapidly into a profession which "draws into its ranks some of the ablest and most ambitious men of the tribe, because it holds out to them a prospect of honor, wealth, and power such as hardly any other career could offer." What quaint customs were found among these primitive peoples!

* * * * *

OF course Sir James admits that the sorcerer is often a knave who dupes his fellows for his own advantage; but he is not always so:

He is often sincerely convinced that he really possesses those wonderful powers which the credulity of his fellows ascribes to him. But the more sagacious he is, the more likely he is to see through the fallacies which impose on duller wits. Thus the ablest members of the profession must tend to be more or less conscious deceivers; and it is just these men who in virtue of their superior ability will generally come to the top. . . . The pitfalls which beset the path of the professional sorcerer are many, and as a rule only the man of coolest head and sharpest wit will be able to steer his way through them safely. For it must always be remembered that every single profession and claim put forward by the magician as such is false. . . . Accordingly the sorcerer who sincerely believes in his own extravagant pretensions is in far greater peril and is much more likely to be cut short in his career than the deliberate impostor.

* * * * *

OF course, as the Drifter remarked above, Sir James is talking only of primitive society; or at least so he says. However, in one place he makes a bad slip. He goes on to say that the result of these considerations is that "at this stage of social evolution the supreme power tends to fall into the hands of men of the keenest intelligence and the most unscrupulous character." Nor is this a bad idea, for "more mischief has probably been wrought in the world by honest fools in high places than by intelligent rascals." The shrewd rogue, on the other hand, once he has attained a position of authority, is able and often does use his power for the greatest public benefit. And here is where Sir James makes a strange error; he is speaking, remember, of primitive peoples. Yet he rashly gives an example of a wise despot and, instead of saying "as for instance, General Pithecanthropus Erectus," he says: "Such men, to take two of the most conspicuous instances, were Julius Caesar and Augustus." At first the Drifter was alarmed; but he recollected that after all these men lived a matter of some two thousand years ago; since then civilization has walked upon the earth with a firmer foot.

* * * * *

IT was Sir James's next two sentences, however, which gave the Drifter a shock. "But once a fool always a fool, and the greater the power in his hands the more disastrous is likely to be the use he makes of it. The heaviest calamity in English history, the breach with America, might never have occurred if George the Third had not been an honest dullard." Something must be done about this, thought the Drifter. For as any little lisping child can tell any dweller in our civilization, the breach with America occurred 157 years ago come next July fourth. What does Sir James mean by talking about primitive society? Or are his remarks in the nature of a compliment after all? Does he mean to imply that we have outgrown this state of being ruled by knaves or honest dullards in 157 years?

* * * * *

IF so we are obliged to him, although, to be sure, we did not need the assurance. For as any little lisping child in our civilization could tell you, Sir James Frazer, *we* have no such rascals or fools in our government today.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Coddling Laws" for Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your May 23rd issue contained a letter signed by the Research Secretary of the National Consumers' League, which attempts to explain the position of industrial women with regard to protective legislation for women only, the position of Mrs. Sidney Webb, and the status of the National Woman's Party.

We restate that our position on industrial legislation is the same as that expressed by the two International Congresses of Working Women, held in 1919 and 1921, where resolutions were passed to the effect that *all* workers should have a maximum eight-hour day and that legislation should benefit all workers, irrespective of color, race, religion, or *sex*. Any one taking the trouble to read the stenographic report of the 1919 International Congress of Working Women, on file in the library of the Department of Labor at Washington, D. C., will understand that the majority of the delegates were opposed to special protective legislation for women. Even the delegates from the United States presented a resolution on prohibition of night work "for men and women," and not for women only.

At the conference of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance held this month in Rome, Miss Pollak, of Holland, is reported to have led the fight against protective legislation in the labor committee and carried it to the congress floor, where the vote showed that the greater part of continental women were opposed to such legislation. The continental attitude was presented in speeches by delegates from Norway and Dr. Aletta Jacobs, of Holland, who said the abolition of night work, minimum wage, and other coddling laws (presumably for women only) had destroyed the basis of equality with men and had put women in a false position industrially. She advocated no interference, leaving it to trade unions of men and women to work out a policy. A compromise resolution favored by American women is said to have passed in a close vote. An American speaker said "the proposed resolution merely left a way open for protective legislation in countries where the women concerned desire it," quoting "the recent Labor Congress" as her authority. We assume that the "Labor Congress" quoted as an authority on what the "women concerned desire" was the 1923 conference held in Washington by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor. At that conference no national organization of women opposed to protective legislation for women only and no organization of working women so opposed was permitted a place on the program. It has been stated that when a speaker at the conference asked the working women among

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the three hundred delegates to rise, "only a scant baker's dozen revealed themselves."

The National Woman's Party denies that the "women concerned" in America desire special protective legislation. There is a great division of opinion among women on this subject. In this State working women have formed organizations for the express purpose of opposing such legislation.

However, at last we have an admission from the welfare workers that the "goal of industrial women is a reasonable work-day for both *men and women*" (italics mine), but to reach that goal they must "inch along." How can one "inch along" toward an industrial equality goal by working for such unequal legislation as the eight-hour bill for women only, which makes no provision for overtime?

Again we quote from Mrs. Webb's Minority Report of the War Cabinet Committee on Women in Industry (published in London in 1919):

> To concentrate the whole attention of the readers of the report upon the employment of women, past, present, and future, and upon their physiological and social needs, without any corresponding survey of the employment of men, and of their physiological and social needs, is to assume, perhaps inadvertently, that industry is normally a function of the male, and that women, like non-adults, are only to be permitted to work for wages at special hours, for special rates of wages, under special supervision, and subject to special restrictions by the legislature. I cannot accept this assumption (p. 257).
>
> That, for the production of commodities and services, women no more constitute a class than do persons of a particular creed or race; and that the time has come for the removal of all sex exclusions; for the opening of all posts and vocations to any individuals who are qualified for the work, irrespective of sex, creed, or race; and for the insistence, as minima, of the same qualifications, the same conditions of employment, and the same occupational rates for all those accepted by the private or public employers as fit to be engaged in any particular pursuit (p. 254).

The quoted extracts from Mrs. Webb's letter indicate that she opposes sex distinction in legislation, and believes in special legislation for women *only* in case it is impossible to get it for men also. How have the possibilities for industrial legislation for both men and women in the United States been "interpreted" to Mrs. Webb? While only eight States in this country have any kind of eight-hour law for women, thirty-three have some kind of eight-hour law applying to both men and women. In Georgia, Mississippi, and Oregon there are ten-hour laws for all "persons" engaged in certain industries. The Oregon law applying to all "persons" engaged in mills, factories, and manufacturing plants has been upheld by the United States Supreme Court. It is therefore not impossible to secure protective legislation for men and women in the United States.

In view of the statements made by Mrs. Webb in her Minority Report, and assuming that only a part of her letter has been made public, it would seem but fair to the National Woman's Party and the public that the letter written by the Research Secretary of the Consumers' League to Mrs. Webb should be published in full, together with Mrs. Webb's reply in full. Otherwise it is difficult to know what Mrs. Webb is answering or to intelligently discuss her letter.

New York, May 22 JANE NORMAN SMITH,
Acting Chairman for New York, National Woman's Party

Fremont Older's "Mea Culpa"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Villard's article about me in a recent number of *The Nation* pleased me very much, especially when I was praised. I like to be commended, even when I know the commendation isn't deserved. I think everyone does, although some would not admit it. I fear there was more truth in the criticism than there was in the praise, as there usually is when a writer tries to make a picture of a human being.

The article says that I am no longer breathing fire and flame, but preaching tolerance, understanding, good-will, gentleness, forbearance. What a tragic transformation! That is true, but I should be inconsistent if I continued to attack individuals as I formerly did when I have come to believe that we are all chemically controlled and must act pretty nearly as we do—that we are not left much margin for free will; that our ductless glands are in the saddle, and we are at their mercy so far as our behavior is concerned. Of course I may be all wrong in having adopted this belief, but having it I feel that I must be controlled by it.

But, aside from the glands, I agree with Lincoln Steffens that we should meet all our problems scientifically and not emotionally; that we should find out *what* is wrong, rather than *who* is wrong. We can't hate a street railroad or an oil well as we can a Rockefeller or a Ruef or a Calhoun, and by keeping too much blood from getting into our heads we shall be far more efficient.

San Francisco, May 9 FREMONT OLDER

The Real Lincoln

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I come to you wearing sackcloth and well-rubbed with ashes. Mr. Mencken's review of Professor Robinson's treatise of Lincoln as a man of letters was a fine and justifiable castigation. Every once in awhile I like to imagine I've read and know a lot about Lincoln, so when I saw on your front cover of May 16 that Mr. Mencken was going to write on Lincoln I impulsively decided here was another bit of *Nation* smartness that would make me sore as pot. Why, I said, get a modern anti-Sumner philosopher of the *Smart Set* type to say anything about the Great Emancipator? Oh, I was sure, it was going to be an airy-fairy, long-haired essay that would make me grab a gun and hasten to your office. I'm ashamed I felt that way and I hasten my apology to Mr. Mencken. He has proven himself an excellently able defender of the faith.

And now that he has done so well, may I suggest you urge him to dig out a few of the sporty high spots in Lincoln's life and give us a real human story. The world knows of him as a wrestler but few have been told of his prowess with his fists. There are incidents in this connection that would be read by Mr. Jack Dempsey and convince him, anyhow, that there were occasions when boxing was boxing for sport's sake without any $300,000 purses in sight. And as a bowler he was a star, so much so that he won tournament after tournament while a Congressman in Washington. To be sure some folks will refuse to see Lincoln other than as a studious seeker after knowledge. They remember the story of the open fireplace and the shovel, and they are going to blow up if any one brings out that his congressional nights in Washington were spent bowling.

But what if they do—Lincoln was a man through and through who kept his mind active by keeping his body fit. And don't stop at bowling. Have Mr. Mencken discuss him, also, as a local billiard champion, a home-run hitter of the Babe Ruth type, and a horse-shoe twirler who beat 'em all. It won't do a bit of harm to show there was some joy in this much-saddened man's life.

New York, May 11 HARVEY THOMAS

Our Favorite Subscriber

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As I have casually a sum of money at hand, which is not always the case, I send you a check for $60, which means an advance payment for nine years more, if both *The Nation* and myself live so long, which I earnestly hope.

Callao, Peru, April 20 DORA MAYER DE ZULEN

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International Relations Section

The Pan-American Failure

By ERNESTO MONTENEGRO

IF we were to measure the net results of the fifth Pan-American Conference just closed at Santiago de Chile by what was accomplished in the previous four, it would hardly be justifiable to call it a failure; but gauged as it must be by the needs of the times and by what was expected of it, an unmitigated disappointment is the mildest term for the impression left at its close.

It cannot be said that the material interests of the United States were neglected at the Conference, for, as Mr. Fowler put it at the moment of embarking for Chile, the delegation was going primarily with the purpose of carrying out a practical program intended further to develop business intercourse between the Americas. It was on guard against attacks on the Pan-American Union, which for many years has been a one-man affair, its building a misleading tropical emblem of the whole of Latin America for the enjoyment of tourists coming to Washington. The delegation was especially concerned with permitting neither an interpretation of, nor an encroachment upon, the Monroe Doctrine.

Because they wanted to impress the world with the need of doing something practical in the field of politics, the delegates lived for more than six weeks in a continuous round of banquets and receptions, one succeeding the other like a whirlpool under a Niagara of high-sounding speeches. Thinking that the outside world might need to be impressed with the sincerity of their desire for peace and disarmament, military parade followed field maneuver, and the naval festival the aeronautical review. All that the histrionic ability of the professional politician could do to make words take the place of acts was done by the participants in this international picnic. The result is that we have that sickening impression of artificial grandeur and manufactured enthusiasm a deserted stage assumes in the eye of a spectator who has overslept himself up in the balcony.

All of the Latin-American fraternity would have been there—but for the absence of Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia. Santo Domingo was duly represented; so was Colombia. Costa Rica sent a fighting delegation. Is Panama's neighbor beginning to feel uncomfortable at the thought that an increase in the range of naval guns may require the United States to set foot on her territory so as properly to defend the Canal? Or perhaps that which happened to her other neighbor, Nicaragua, is the cause of the nervousness she gave evidence of at Santiago?

There were three main issues at stake. The first was the revision of the statutes of the Pan-American Union, and this was happily disposed of after small concessions made to the more dissatisfied of its members.

Second, some countries friendly to the United States and equally friendly to the League of Nations joined with Uruguay in the proposal to establish a regional understanding based on the proposition that the principle of the world league was right but the solution of the particular problems and aspirations of each great portion of the world should be worked out within the group of nations affected. A technical debate ensued. The American policy of no entanglement seemed in danger. The Chilean adviser, Dr. Alvarez, clumsily advanced the theory that "regional understandings" such as the Monroe Doctrine were well safeguarded by the Covenant of Versailles; Mr. Fletcher replied rather bluntly with the *noli me tangere* of all Monroeist priests; he out-Roosevelted Roosevelt by declaring that the doctrine was the single-hand policy of the United States, which nothing from the outside could possibly modify; which nobody else might share. This was not exactly what Roosevelt said to flatter the more advanced and powerful countries in his tour of South America, nor was it a part of the promising program of Root at Rio de Janeiro in 1906. But who cares for consistency in a changing world when no foreign menace appears on the horizon, as the possible German-Japanese coalition did before the war to make it necessary to court prospective allies around us? So the Brum plan passed on to the ice chamber of a commission.

The outstanding doctrinal point of the Conference was the Chilean proposal for limitation of armaments. The proposition was in harmony with the ideas that helped President Alessandri into power; its presentation was also opportune at this time when Chile's last international difference had been submitted to the peaceful solution of arbitration; finally, it offered the most reasonable way of reestablishing the financial equilibrium of the Latin-American republics, whose economic life had been shattered by the reflux of the World War. The intention was excellent; but its realization called for a great deal of moral courage and sincerity of purpose. It was a bold proposition to advance the idea of disarmament, with the consequential reduction in the effectives of army and navy, in a country where many years of military preparation had of necessity created a military bureaucracy, well intrenched in its position in the budget of the nation and naturally jealous of its privileges.

President Alessandri of Chile was tossed up to the presidential chair of Chile on a wave of popular enthusiasm; but two powerful elements, the army and the Masonic orders, were the buoys that kept him floating to final rescue and success. In his unending difficulties with the reactionary Chilean Senate, Alessandri feels comforted and stimulated to defiance more by the certainty of the loyalty of the army than by that often unreliable sympathy of the masses. Could this man carry out the self-imposed task of bringing the three Powers of South America to a disarmament compact?

The Brazilian Government had to contend with still more serious considerations. Only a year ago the civilian forces in the politics of Brazil had to face a new conspiracy to return to the presidency one more man from the command of a navy squadron or an army corps. They are bravely holding their gains, those civilian elements of Brazil who believe in a government by the responsible classes of society; but one wonders whether it would not be too much to ask of them that they retaliate with a substantial reduction in the army and navy budget.

Argentina is enjoying the most comfortable position of all. She did not advance any proposal, such as the Brazilian suggestion that disarmament should be discussed in a meeting of the three Powers previous to the main Conference; she kept all her intentions in the bag, as it were, with the

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certainty that once Brazilian desires for supremacy were uncovered, she could appear to advantage as the apostle of peace and the champion of the small nationalities of South America. Not having the enormous territory that Brazil has to protect, especially against internal uprisings, nor having international questions pending like Chile, Argentina can more easily afford to keep her armed forces on a reduced basis. It was therefore sufficient that Argentina showed her dissatisfaction with the formula of disarmament, considering the quota too generous while Brazil judged it too small, for the timid proposal to die an inglorious death.

It was not evidence of the necessity of limitation of arms expenditures that was lacking, but that human factor, a courageous, inspired statesman who would put his country on record as being resolved to carry out its limitation plan regardless of whether others did or not. There was waving of flags and an abundant coinage of reciprocal compliments, but the man of broad views who could have put the magnetism of faith and idealism into the moral decrepitude of an assembly of professional internationalists—that man was nowhere to be seen.

Compulsory Labor in Bulgaria

BULGARIA requires a certain period of compulsory labor—devoted to civic purposes—from young men, young women, and school children. The following description is from the Samokov *News*:

When they passed the compulsory labor law, Bulgaria's agrarian leaders put into practice, whether they knew it or not, one of William James's strikingly fertile ideas. In his famous essay on The Moral Equivalent of War, published in 1910, James wrote: "If there were, instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against *nature*, the injustice [of some men having nothing else but toil and pain while others never get a taste of it] would tend to be evened out, and numerous other goods to the commonwealth would follow. . . . To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would have paid their blood-tax, done their own part in the immemorial human warfare against nature; they would tread the earth more proudly, the women would value them more highly, they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation."

There are no skyscrapers and precious few "gilded youths" in Bulgaria, but James's main suggestion is universal in its application. So far as we know, Bulgaria has the honor of being the first nation to put into operation a system which it is not difficult to imagine other nations following, when once standing armies, barracks, and parade grounds have been rendered as obsolete as bows and arrows or the duel.

There are four kinds of compulsory labor in Bulgaria.

1. Of course the bulk of it is performed by the young men previously subject to army conscription. The labor conscripts wear a uniform of slightly different color from that of the army and a cap of a little different shape. Their term of service is eight months; which may be divided by the government bureau into two or more periods. For example, this winter most of the laborers were sent home, only 5,000 being kept under tools (no arms), to look after various buildings and establishments connected with the service, to prepare materials and make general arrangements for the usefulness of their 30,000 comrades who will be called out on April 1. This spring the men will be distributed as follows: for work under the Ministry of Roads, 16,000; Ministry of Railways, 7,400 (working on road-beds alone); Ministry of Agriculture, 520; Ministry of Commerce, 1,090; other ministries and forms of service, 9,000, including the clerical work connected with the compulsory labor service itself. Besides road-making and farming, the following industries have been established—the plants serving as training-schools for young men who wish to learn the trades involved: a brick factory at Sofia, the product of which is used for buildings; a shoe factory just begun at a neighboring village, where it is expected that the foot-wear used by the labor conscripts, the gendarmerie, and Bulgaria's small volunteer army will be produced. There is a factory for clothing, which already is turning out all the uniforms used by the 40,000 gendarmes and the 35,000 labor conscripts. Of course, the saving in cost to the government on the garments is enormous. In a certain forest district is a sawmill which produces boards for public buildings, ties for the state railways, and telegraph poles. There is also a furniture factory which turns out all the desks, cabinets of drawers, cupboards, etc., used in all the government offices of the country. The fuel cut in the forest by the labor conscripts is costing the government this winter 90 *levs* a cubic meter, while the ordinary citizen of Sofia pays 400.

2. The compulsory labor of young women is being tried out in eight large cities as an experiment. The girls are selected from the wealthiest families, who can support them, to serve their home towns alone. The only equipment they receive from the state is an apron and a pair of sandals. They are used as assistants in orphanages, hospitals, and similar institutions. Some of them learn bookkeeping and typewriting in public offices, thus acquiring a trade at the same time that they discharge their labor obligation. In six large villages the experiment is being made of giving the girls courses in hygiene, sewing, gardening, bee culture, etc. The village furnishes a room, heat, light; the state supplies the teachers and the necessary instruments, such as sewing machines for the sewing courses. The success of the plan where tried has created a demand for such courses in other villages far beyond the ability of the government to meet with the instructresses available.

3. The compulsory labor of the men above conscript age (the old army reserves) lasts ten days each year and is discharged in their own municipalities. Each municipality plans a year in advance, in consultation with a specialist from the Labor Bureau, on what kind of improvements to use the men available for ten days. Astonishing results already have been attained in improving village streets, linking up villages with main highways by bits of macadam road, and introducing sewerage.

4. School children and students have one week of compulsory labor in the autumn and one in the spring. Under the oversight of teachers they clean and disinfect school buildings, clean up and adorn the grounds, stitch up loose leaves of library books, and put things in order in general. They also are used in public parks and other municipal institutions.

The last of the four classes of compulsory labor described in the preceding article provides for a *trùdova sedmìtsa* (labor week) in every school in the country twice during the school year—once in the autumn and again in the spring. During labor week all regular school lessons are suspended, the pupils don their working clothes, and form in groups under the leadership of their teachers for various pieces of work. Precedence is given to work on the school grounds or in the buildings, but there are always some groups employed outside the school on municipal work. The pupils ordinarily work four hours in the morning and four hours in the afternoon, with a two-hour recess for lunch. The "week" consists of five working days and a sixth day for rest.

We have had four labor weeks in the two years since the

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law came into force. During these *trùdovas* the boys have laid out grounds and built walks, cleaned the campus, removed rubbish, painted buildings, built fences, broken stone, cut down and trimmed trees, sawed and piled wood, and made some repairs—all on the school premises. Outside they have cleaned streets, dug ditches, worked in the state forestry nursery, and dug thousands of holes on a nearby hillside for setting out young trees.

Or take the activities of our girls during last fall's *trùdova* alone. While some groups cleaned the buildings, others were tidying the yard. Another group cleaned the church building. Still another worked on the grounds of the city hospital. One group carried stone some distance for a new wall around the Protestant cemetery. The girls in the VII and VIII class cottage cleaned out the woodshed, dug new gardens, and put up the winter's supply of fruits and vegetables.

The city council has already requested Mr. Ostrander to furnish as many boys as he can spare during the spring *trùdova* to set out young trees on the hillsides, the city supplying the instruments. Thus school and town cooperate.

In most schools the day's work ends with a *horò*, the national folk dance, in which all join hands in a long row, which winds in and out to the weird music of fiddle, flute, and drum, or the rhythmic *horò* melodies sung by the dancers themselves.

The Decay of Cannibalism

CANNIBALISM is virtually extinct among the Papuans, and is tending to become quite so, according to Lieut.-Colonel J. H. P. Murray, Governor of British New Guinea. Colonel Murray is a brother of Gilbert Murray, and his territory is inhabited by about 270,000 natives and 1,300 white settlers. The Papuans are lower in civilization than the Malay or the Javanese. They have advanced from the nomadic state to that of settled villages, but not much farther.

The Government is introducing new methods to improve their conditions, and especially to get them to work on the land. Colonel Murray is quoted as follows in the Manchester *Guardian:*

Cannibalism is virtually extinct, except perhaps in the few unexplored districts. Cannibalism is easy to put down. We appeal to their snobbishness. If there is a village where cannibalism is practiced, we point to another village where there are no cannibals and praise it at their expense. We teach them that it is disgraceful to be cannibals. That is usually sufficient, as they are an amenable people and do such things often simply from conservatism.

As to head-hunting, we ask them "What is the use of killing a man? Why not kill pigs instead?" We have succeeded in substituting the hunting of pigs' heads for those of men. Head-hunting was probably concerned originally with their very primitive religion—like the so-called "ritual murder." The killing is supposed in some way to benefit the souls of their ancestors. The law of a life for a life prevailed in these matters. If nine men of one village were killed the people of that village would not be content till they had killed nine also. Sometimes we were able to persuade them to liquidate the account, as it were. If only seven had been killed we might say: "What is the use of killing two more? Why not accept the price of two men and call it quits?"

I have occasionally asked natives who had taken part in a raid on some village why they had killed all their enemies and why they did not take them prisoners and make them work. They agreed that it would be a great idea, but explained they had never thought of it.

One of the most interesting of the innovations introduced by the Governor is the "baby bonus." It was feared that the population was declining owing to the fact that it was looked upon as disgraceful to have a large family. "We wanted to alter that, and we did it by remitting the tax on a man who is the father of four children, and by giving the wife a bonus of five shillings, with a shilling extra for each additional child. The intention is to hold up the mother of a large family as worthy of distinction in a village. We are succeeding, and it is common to see the relatives come around in all their finery to congratulate the woman who gets the bonus. It is interesting that in the villages, where the women have more say in communal matters, the opposition to large families is stronger than where they have little influence. 'Bonus' has become a fashionable name to give children."

Colonel Murray described the work of the newly appointed government anthropologists who are studying the native life and customs and giving useful advice to the Government. The policy is to interfere with the native life as little as is compatible with obtaining order and industry. The Papuan, Colonel Murray says, is no idler. In former days most of the work was done by the women, as the men had to be constantly armed and on guard. Nowadays tribal warfare in the settled districts is almost extinct. The natives work on the plantations, in which they have a share, and on the roads, as well as providing for the needs of their own families by fishing and hunting and cultivating their own gardens. The Government is trying to improve the native houses, and has built model villages in the native style of architecture.

A curious feature of the villages is the enormous houses, sometimes 200 yards long, and in two stories, in which a large number of families live together. These are skilfully constructed of timber without the use of any kind of metal whatever.

Gandhi's Credo

A CREDO attributed to Gandhi was printed in the *Ananda Bazaar* of Calcutta on March 19 reading as follows:

1. I believe in the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Puranas, and the sacred books of the Hindus.
2. I believe in reincarnation and in the Avatars.
3. I believe that it is our duty to protect the cow. I mean more by this than is implied by the general run of vegetarians.
4. I have no objection to worship with images.
5. I place the Bible, the Koran, the Avesta and similar other sacred books on the same plane as the Vedas.
6. I do not contend that I have studied each and every holy book of the Hindus; but I do know the gist and the inner meaning of them all.
7. The religion of the Hindus excludes no one. Though generally speaking Hinduism is not a missionary faith, yet it has permeated many, many other races and religions. Since Hinduism insists that each man should follow his own religious convictions, I have never stood for bigotry and exclusiveness.
8. Whatever I have studied in Hinduism, nowhere have I found any bigotry and lack of inclusiveness. I do not believe in the later accretions, such as a caste system based on untouchability. If Hinduism justifies and orders the creation of caste I shall declare war on it.
9. Do not do uplift work from above among the pariah and the oppressed. I do not urge you to do kindness, out of sentimentality, among the lowly; you must consider them your fellow-born brothers from the same womb. Whatever has been taken away from them must be returned. Selfishness and superiority are the ways of Satan, not of God.

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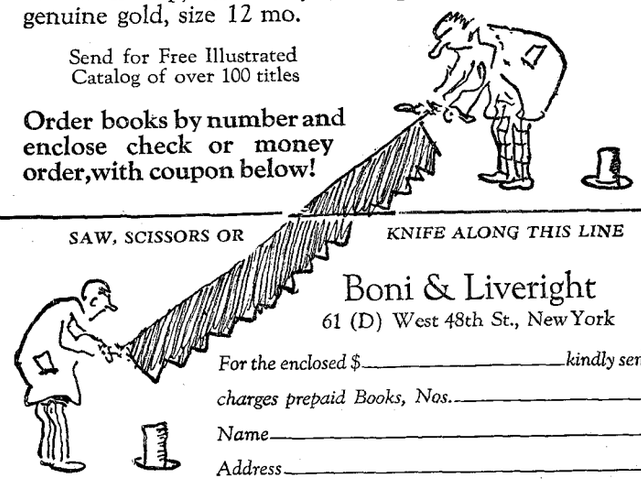

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Summer Book Section

The Greatest English Man of Letters

By CARL VAN DOREN

CHANGING trains recently at Center City, on my way from a town where I had given one lecture to a village where I was to give another, I heard two literary travelers, also becalmed for an hour or two, arguing whether Shakespeare or Milton is the greater; and in time I found myself drawn into the argument, little as I had intended any such thing when the solemn, heated voices first reached my ear. For when the other travelers had reached a deadlock, they noticed that I was listening and invited me to act as referee. It did me no good to answer that I cared nothing for such debates, could not believe that significant comparisons are possible, would not be convinced in the least by any verdict which might be reached. I had to join them.

Just what my verdict was I unhappily cannot now remember, but the affair set me thinking when our trains had taken us off in our different directions. Supposing I were to try to measure greatness in this fashion, as persons given to generalizations often do, how should I proceed and what should I decide? This much at least was clear: I could never let the matter rest merely upon excellence in art but should have to go, as well as I might, through the artist to the man. Nor could I, it was equally clear, let this or that particular kind of man appeal to me too much. I should have to tender my award, such as it would be, to the most abundant, spacious, wise, resolute, elevated man—to the man with the most, in my judgment, of what Aristotle called magnanimity. And I became suddenly aware that he was neither Shakespeare nor Milton.

My reasons in these two cases were of course dissimilar. As to Shakespeare, I at least cannot guess what he actually was. There he sits, now sly now stupendous, behind his plays. Form the keenest opinion about his character and you can still form a dozen more opinions that seem nearly as well borne out by what he says or makes his creatures say. The range of speculation is too wide to let any certainty fix upon him. The marvel may lie in great depths within him, or it may lie in some inspired felicity of speech, close to the surface. There is always to be remembered, though few remember it, that an immense amount of what he says is sheer platitude or sheer folly—the notions and sentiments of the ordinary man turned into gold by the magic of extraordinary eloquence. Let the tradition of Shakespeare's supremacy as an artist be what it will, he is as a man too dim, too retired within his work, to have his dimensions gauged. Just how great a man he is, I saw, I am not able to decide.

Milton is no such mystery. He writes himself into every word with something intense, personal, unmistakable. I think that if I were in the middle of Sahara and a line of his were blown to me across the sand on some tattered page I should recognize it instantly, even though I had not seen it for years and had long forgotten it. But how wastefully he involved himself in matters unworthy the concern of a great man of letters! I could forgive him his devotion to the Commonwealth, parochial as much of that devotion had to be; but I cannot imagine that the largest mind could have strayed so long as his did in the mazes of his theology, or of any theology, with a face as unamused as his obviously was. The most magnanimous natures do not suffer so seriously over doctrines; the most magnanimous natures do not exult so fiercely over enemies in victory or hate them so bitterly in defeat. The most elevated of English poets, Milton too rarely shook off the pedant, the envenomed controversialist, to stand as a man quite where his gifts as an artist might have put him.

Chaucer and Spenser, then? I have the feeling about Spenser, rich and noble as he is, that the man played more with fables than some greater man would have done, gave himself more utterly to the other world of tradition and literature in which the solid earth of human experience falls away from beneath the feet and the spirit beats its wings among dreams too long to get back again. Flying with him I grow dull, because there are too few substantial objects near at hand by which to mark the course. There are plenty of such substantial objects in Chaucer, and I hesitated longer over him than over Spenser; but he is, by reason of his slyness, like Shakespeare somewhat dim. Wings, too, he lacks, and the long, large views through life which come from suffering undergone and passion sustained till the vision clears as it never quite does in the worldly wise. Besides even the widest prudence and the deepest tenderness I look for something else in the greatest kind of man.

Then, speculating, testing, rejecting, I moved back and forth through the centuries. If range and knowledge were enough I think I should have had to give my final vote to Scott, but I found myself recalling his absurd reverence for George IV and deciding that, like Johnson's absurd reverence for George III, this was a sign of superstition which must rank both Scott and Johnson a little below the peak. Swift, with a more capacious mind and more mighty passions than either, was after all a sick man who needed the sun to complete him. Wordsworth, that instrument through which the wind of the mountains blew such harmonious strains, held too many childish faiths prolonged into a second childhood: he could not judge them or himself, as the greatest do, but owed his peculiar eminence to inexplicable luck with language now and then. Thackeray, with all his shrewdness, has a minor note which comes from sentimentalism; Dickens, with all his robustness, has discords which he owes, I think, to an intelligence not quite disciplined. Tennyson is too smug, Pope too waspish, Shelley too thin and bodiless, Byron too noisy, Meredith too flashy, Hardy sunk too deeply in a theory, Herrick too trifling (but how exquisite his trifles are!), Defoe too homespun, Keats and Gray too fragmentary, Shaw too innocent of pity, Dryden too much a conduit through which fine material passes without affecting it.

So, thus eliminating one after another in my idle game, I was surprised to discover at last that I had suddenly settled upon Fielding as the greatest man who has been a man

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of letters greatly using the English tongue. Certainly he was abundant, for he was a man of full blood and leaping energy from whom speech flowed amply and surely, bubbling with fun. Certainly he was spacious, for he was both the best scholar among English novelists and the author of "Tom Jones," the broadest picture of English common life since Chaucer's "Prologue." Certainly he was wise, for he was apparently incapable of superstition, unacquainted with prejudice, intolerant toward nothing honest. Certainly he was resolute, for he performed his duties as magistrate against the heaviest odds and in his broken age, though his vitality was slipping, never once lost his will or courage. Certainly he was elevated, though here he has been oftenest challenged: he had a true, high eloquence in his prose, for all he commonly smiled at it; and he had, without any disposition to fly high, that detachment from the knots and snarls of life which is for the wisest men what a singing escape is for fiery poets. I could not remember that he ever said a foolish thing or did a small one. This, I concluded, is what I mean by magnanimity; here is as great a man as any.

Poet and Scholar

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

TO his interesting version of the fragments of Empedocles and his majestic rendering of the "De Rerum Natura" of Lucretius Mr. Leonard now adds a translation of the earliest of Germanic epics. Guided by principles which he has explained in a learned and witty monograph he has used in this translation the couplet—not the quatrain, be it observed—of the Nibelungen Lied. To anyone acquainted both with the Old English text and with the various modern translations in prose and verse, in English and German, it will at once be clear that Mr. Leonard's work withdraws "Beowulf"[1] from archaeology and blends it with living literature. I am sorry that he has used a number of obsolete and obsolescent words. The range of his scholarship and a certain intellectual isolation betray him, in both his translations and his original work, into this fortunately remediable error. It is his only one. The rhythmic energy and poetic aliveness of his verse cause his "Beowulf" to sweep on like a strong wind that brings to us unimpaired the clash and stern splendor of that melancholy but heroic world and story from the tale of the fathers of Hrothgar to that moment when "the Geatish clansmen"

> bemoaned their dearth
> The passing-forth of Beowulf, these comrades of his hearth,
> Calling him a world-king, the mildest under crown,
> And to his kin the kindest, and keenest for renown.

To his mastery of the worlds of classical and Germanic antiquity Mr. Leonard has, through long residence in Wisconsin and through investigations growing out of his editing of Parkman's "Oregon Trail," added a scholarly and imaginative grasp of Indian lore and of our own pioneer period. This grasp has enabled him in "Red Bird"[2] to make a contribution of real charm, authenticity, and quiet power to American dramatic literature. The general conflict that is basic to the drama is concentrated in the two opposing and yet so profoundly allied characters of Major Whistler and Red Bird. Each is a man of honor according to his own standards, each strives and fails to be less the tribesman and more the man, and so both, guiltless themselves, contribute to the long tale of human error and crime. Deep-rooted as the play is in concrete incident, character, and folk-ways, it rises by implication above its specific time and place and theme. "When the Long-Knives come and slay the Indians, they call it a victory; when the Indians come and slay the Long-Knives, they call it a massacre." In those words of the Indian chief the deeper theme of the play is indicated. We have few dramatic works so well founded, so well wrought, so homely and heroic at once as this and I have no doubt that it will, sooner or later, reach the stage.

Yet despite the interest and excellence of these various works many lovers of poetry will resent a little the drain upon Mr. Leonard's real business which they represent. And these lovers of our poetry will especially regret that Mr. Leonard's chief work has been, for so long, only a matter of rumor and report and, though printed at last, is only "privately" printed, "as manuscript," and thus meticulously guarded from the public. It offers an amusing commentary on human life that the chief work of an eminent poet must be kept hidden, in spite of the fact that the creative energy of the poet has lifted and translated all concrete experience into the eternal and intelligible world of the universal and enduring, for fear of the idle gossips on the streets of a small town.

The poem in question, as is known to not a few people, is "Two Lives." It solves the chief poetic problem of the age: the recounting of the exact fates of modern men and women in terms at once analytic and creative, epical and lyrical, precise and yet heroic. Two other poets before Leonard solved that problem: George Meredith, long ago, in "Modern Love"; Richard Dehmel, more recently, in "Zwei Menschen." To these masterpieces in a specially important and stirring kind, America has now added a third.

Mr. Leonard uses the sonnet as a stanza. He has thus far more speed than Meredith could get out of his caudated sonnets; he has more definite surge and roll than Dehmel wrung out of his occasionally intricate lyrical measures. He has dared to be far more faithful to the humble facts of life than Meredith; he has a clearer if not a deeper philosophic vision than Dehmel. His story, as such, is less subtle than the story of either of his predecessors and it has the weakness of being disastrous rather than tragic. But what counts in a work of this kind is less the story than the implicit poetic and philosophic comment on the story, the sweep and passion of the verse, the treatment of landscape as part of the homely or homeless universe, the final towering of the story into the universal world of significant human fate. "Two Lives" meets all these tests; it meets them not only adequately but superbly.

It will be a service to the poem as well as to those who care for high poetry to quote two more or less representative stanzas, one illustrating the poem on its side of the creative analysis of actual fact and character, the other on its side of impassioned and heroic reflection. The lover in the story hears dreadful rumors concerning the past of his beloved.

> Now each new warning died with its first voice,
> A phantom, a shrill echo, slain at birth
> Upon the threshold of the House of Mirth:
> For warnings came, but yet there was no choice;

[1] *Beowulf. A New Verse Translation.* By William Ellery Leonard. The Century Company. $1.

[2] *Red Bird. A Drama in Four Acts.* By William Ellery Leonard. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $1.50.

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No choice forevermore! New warnings came,
But came too late. Her dear sweet random ways
Would more and more reveal their tragic phase—
As of a candle with unsteady flame
Through fierce combustion of uncouth element—
Proving that love itself, though it can put
Light in the eyeball, swiftness in the foot,
Cannot restring within its choral tent
The mind 'twould play on, as a lyre or lute,
When God has tampered with the instrument.

That lover, then, could not stoop to prudence nor, being human, wholly conquer misgiving. Pity and nobility and love made all calm weighing of issues impossible. Whence, then, came the choice and the decision? Mr. Leonard answers that question in a stanza which marks one of the loftiest points of his own and of our national poetry:

We act in crises not as one who dons
A judge's robe and sits to praise or blame
With walnut gavel, before high window-frame,
Beside a Justice-and-her-scales in bronze;
We act in crises not by pros and cons
Of volumes in brown calf-skin still the same;
But, like the birds and beasts from which we came,
By the long trend of character—the *fons*
Fons et origo—fountain-head and source—
Of deeper conduct, whether in unleashed hound,
That tears the fleeing stag unto the ground,
Or thrush in battle for its fledgling's corse,
Or boy who sees a cracked dam, hears a sound,
And down the peopled valley spurs his horse.

Saecla Ferarum

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

I

'Twas when at last the million flags were stacked
And all the hosts had signed the Great Peace Pact,
I saw before a winter's dawn the stars,
In skies as strange as if I saw from Mars:
The Dipper toppling on its handle-end,
Arcturus under, carrying out the bend;
Orion's Oblong tilted, twisted, slim,
With Sirius spurting fire atop of him;
The V of Taurus poised upon its point,
And moonless Dragon sprawling out of joint,
With Jupiter so bright, a fool had said
A comet's tail was arching from its head . . .
Aratus, when he sang his Catalogue,
Saw not the Shining Ones so far agog;
And no witch-woman with a Lybian cry
E'er charmed the Constellations so awry. . . .

II

And then across the frozen marshes leapt
A train's fierce whistle while my townsmen slept;
And, as it died along the trailing smoke,
Upon the gap of starry silence broke
In jumbled yelps, threaded by wailings through,
The coyotes by the lake-side in the Zoo;
As if first startled in the prairie nest
By the first locomotive rolling west—
That line of moving lights they've ne'er forgot,
Behind the low stack flanging like a pot.

III

So blew the whistles at the armistice . . .
The coyotes answered as they answered this. . . .

IV

O never think that all of life is vain—
Though towns be built on dead men's bones in mud,
And fields, even when they best put forth their grain,
Be curst, as fertile but with dead men's blood—
Yes, though still issue from the Mountain Door
The unborn generations to be slain,
With unknown flags and engines for new war,
Till self-destroyed, on coast and hill and plain,
Mankind with town and harvest is no more! . . .
O never think that life thereby has ceased:
Eating and drinking and the will to strive
(And sleep by rock and rainbow after feast)
And the great thrill of being here alive,
Will yet remain in birth succeeding birth,
With trails still open from the north and east,
All up and down this goodly frame, the earth—
Will yet remain in fish and fowl and beast! . . .
And, lo, the Beasts not only wake in Man
Hope for the Life-Force still, beyond his span;
But offer him, before he sink and cease,
New life his own and intervals of peace . . .
Nay, more than Egypt's Cult and India's Kine,
The Animals may vouch us the Divine;
And Man may yet outwit his doom forecast—
Even by becoming one with them at last! . . .

V

Why were we all so self-absorbed in woe
Through those four years not very long ago?
We are not what we seem, and we have powers
That touch on deeper, other Life than ours:
Though path were lost that Christ and Buddha trod
Whereby the self may lose itself in God,
There yet remained to us the blest escape,
By sprawling trance in disencumbered hours
(With face and belly flattened to the sod),
Where self may lose itself in Ox or Ape.
But no man cropped the grass among the flowers!
And no man wound a tail about his nape!
Or felt the heat and rain, or saw the sky,
But with a human skin, a human eye! . . .

VI

Yet all these years, whilst our one paltry race
Bustled with flame and sword from place to place
(So troubled lest man's great ideals die),
The old telluric Animals, I guess—
That sniff at hole, or stop with ears aprick,
Or cower forward from the young they lick,
Or with deep meditation prowl and pry,
Knowing their waters in the wilderness,
Knowing their seasons through the land and sky—
Repeated those vast worlds of consciousness
That furnish earth her answer to the moon
And to the sun and stars her reason why—
The Life-Force of her ancient night and noon:
From Arctic tundra to the pampas south,
By glen and glacier, on the seaward ness,
Through belting forests to the river's mouth,
On shaggy mountains in the drench and drouth,
And down the air and ocean stream no less!
The paws, the wings, the fins, wherewith they pass,
And scaly bellies wriggling through the grass!
The fuzz, the fur, the feathers, and the chines,
And in the thickets bead-eyed balls of spines!

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The spots, the stripes! The black, the white, the dun!
And stalking water-birds ablaze in sun!
Behind façades of motions, shapes, and hues,
Behind this moving veil, what news, what news?
When the Field Gray defiled through Brussels town,
What did the Bear devise on flopping down?
When Lusitania sank, was the Raccoon
Dreaming of fish in tree-top under moon?
When bayonets plunged (so skilfully withdrawn),
What felt the Tiger with his tooth in fawn?
When man's four limbs convolved in pain and hate,
What felt the Octopus through all his eight,
Cast on the beach by tidal wave at dawn?
What felt the Mole, the blind and blindly led,
Burrowing with paws and ridging earth with head?
What felt the Hawk, who, in the clouded night,
Swooped to the pinfold by the window-light?
Or Shark on back, with lower jaw agape—
That chinless jaw, on top and toothed for rape? . . .
What sense, where limbs stumped on without their toes,
As Caterpillar's feet on stem or rose?—
Where hands were claws and hooks (not made but born),
And lips were lengthened into beaks of horn? . . .
When lightning cried the slain from land to land,
What mused the Turtle rounding out the sand?
When boys and girls on Volga starved and Rhine,
What smelt Rhinoceros and Porcupine?
When the Four Sages under Mirrors sat,
What pow-wows were the Jackals, Buzzards, at? . . .
Huge as the monster Tank that lately rose
Like Dinosaur from mud of fen and flat,
The Elephant erects his trunk and blows:
Is it his joy in Man which causes that,
Or a straw tickling half-way up his nose? . . .
What secrets in the purring of a Cat?
The cooing of the Dove, the shriek of Jay?
Or scream of Sea-Lion, tumbling flapper-finned?—
The air is full of sounds, beside the wind. . . .

VII

Have ye not heard how, as in womb ye grew
(So long before ye waxed to men and slew),
Ye bore from week to week trace merged in trace,
There in the silence, of your pristine race?—
The gills of fish, the two-valved heart of bird,
The simian's tail, the huddled body furred?
Well, then be comforted: for still we find
Body is ever correlate with mind,
And, whilst ye shared the frame of bird or fish,
Ye shared no less its feeling, fancy, wish.
And know: the heart, the tail, the fur, the gill,
However altered, are our portion still;
And so it follows: still the mind no less
Secretes some portion of their consciousness.
The Muse of Darwin! . . . Next the Muse of Freud:
We know that all we fancied, feared, enjoyed,
From babyhood upon these shores of light
Works still in us, most manifest at night,
Whence dreams, they say, and ghosts, and second-sight.
Why not the fancies and the fears and joys
We shared before our birth as girls and boys—
The animal sensations of our prime?
Are these not there? Shall they not have their time—
To link us, by probed memories within,
Unto the larger life, the vaster kin? . . .
Plotinus, Bergson, ye can gloss my rhyme!

VIII

The stars ere dawn are twisted out of place!
Something is working in my brain, my face!
Lion and ferret, muskrat, eagle, deer,
Penguin and seal, porpoise and wolf and whale,
And horse and cow, and dog with wagging tail,
Are circling round me, near and yet more near:
From jungles, canyons, oceans, trees, and skies,
From crags, from coves, from river reeds, they peer,—
Earth's Animals, with old familiar Eyes . . .
Whilst, ever since the hush of guns, I hear
Familiar invitations in their cries.

Books

The Ruler of the King's Navee

The World Crisis. By Winston S. Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.50.

ONE of the unforgettable pictures of Mrs. Asquith's reminiscences was of the midnight scene at No. 10 Downing Street at the outbreak of the war, when she saw Winston Churchill "with a happy face striding towards the double doors of the Cabinet room." The culminating moment of his career had arrived. The die had been cast for the greatest naval struggle in history, and he was himself in control at the British Admiralty.

In the leisure given him by Dundee's preference for E. Scrymgeour and E. D. Morel, Mr. Churchill has prepared this apologia of his work as Great Britain's naval minister in time of war. How much more fortunate his lot than that of his American namesake! It was of a merely national crisis that the New Hampshire Churchill wrote, and one in which he had himself played no part. Nothing less than a world crisis is the Englishman's subject, and much of his chronicle is autobiography. Indeed, there is one side of this book that needs a Mr. Dooley to do it justice. The reviewer should hold the pen that wrote "Alone in Cubia." Mr. Churchill has a truly Rooseveltian passion for being in the center of things. One is surprised to find how much this civilian head of the Admiralty had to do with the actual direction of naval strategy and the planning of the details of offense and defense. To say nothing of Sir Joseph Porter, one cannot imagine his predecessors—such men as W. H. Smith, or Lord Spencer, or Lord Selborne—mobilizing the fleet in defiance of a Cabinet decision, or deciding what vessels should be sent here and what there, or assisting in the designing of new ships, any more than one can imagine any of them spending eight months afloat, as Mr. Churchill did, in the three years before the war. Not less unthinkable would be their personal participation in anything of the nature of the Antwerp adventure.

Mr. Churchill can never forget that he is a descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough, and one finds him here always itching to take command, whether by sea or land. At Antwerp he intervenes to direct the naval brigade, and wires home offering to resign his post and take formal military charge of the British forces in that city. At times one might almost suppose that he was not only First Lord of the Admiralty but Secretary for War. He pays, for instance, a visit to the front in France because he thinks it "vitally important" that he should see with his own eyes what is passing. "Looking back with afterknowledge and increasing years, I seem," he confesses, "to have been too ready to undertake tasks which were hazardous or even forlorn."

All the same, his defense of his policies and actions is brilliantly successful. Granting that there must be navies and naval wars, no country could be better served than was Great Britain by Winston Churchill. This record is a revelation not only of unwearying diligence and intense devotion but of keen

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insight and unfailing alertness. Whether Mr. Churchill is justified in drawing so largely upon the Admiralty archives and official memoranda is open to discussion, but at any rate these documents knock into a cocked hat most of the objections raised against the course he took on critical occasions. In the Antwerp matter, for example, the charges brought against him are shown to be based on gross distortions of fact. So, too, the light now thrown upon the defeat at Coronel and upon the alleged impotence of the navy at the bombardment of Scarborough shows conclusively the unfairness of popular attacks made upon him and his associates at the time.

One of the rules followed by Mr. Churchill in writing this book is worthy of general imitation. "I have made or implied," he says, "no criticism of any decision or action taken or neglected by others unless I can prove that I had expressed the same opinion in writing before the event." It is interesting to discover that, in a minute addressed to the Prime Minister in 1912, he expressed his concern lest the "naval conversations" with France should give England the obligations of an alliance without its advantages. Events also vindicated his forecast of the early date at which the French forces would be driven back from the line of the Meuse.

There are several disclosures here of things that were unknown to the public at the time. The most astonishing revelation is that at the opening of the war Mr. Churchill himself proposed to Grey and Kitchener that Holland should be asked to give a free passage up the Scheldt to Antwerp for whatever troops and supplies were needed—a breach of neutrality that would at once have involved that country in war with Germany. Open confession is now made that the object of the convention with Persia was the obtaining of oil fuel for British warships. It was to strengthen himself with his own party in securing naval appropriations that Mr. Churchill mingled actively in the Irish controversy at the beginning of 1914. Both he and Lord Kitchener believed that Belgium would make a formal protest to Germany and submit. There was even suspected a secret agreement allowing free passage to the Germans through Belgium. At one time it looked as though the majority of the Cabinet would resign rather than fight Germany. It is Mr. Churchill's opinion that at the beginning of the war the Cabinet would have agreed to conscription if Kitchener had asked for it. The British Staff firmly believed that, given all available reinforcements, the war would be over by the first Christmas. The story of the concealment of the loss of the Audacious is incompletely told here. Mr. Churchill omits all mention of that ingenious speech of his own in the House of Commons by which, while not making a single untrue statement, he produced upon the public mind the impression that the current rumor of the loss of this vessel was false.

This volume throughout is on a high level of literary style. While crowded with detail, it is conspicuously successful in broad effects. It recalls vividly the story of what today seems to have happened in some distant generation. Several passages are masterpieces of graphic and dramatic description. The effect produced by Lloyd George's Mansion House speech, the scene when the fleet steamed into Portland in the spring of 1912, the naval visits to Kronstadt and Kiel, Sir Edward Grey's reading of the Austrian note to Serbia at a Cabinet meeting, the naval mobilization at Spithead, the constant tension at the Admiralty when submarines were as yet a vague menace, and the hourly anxieties as to what was happening at Coronel and the Falklands—these things are depicted in such a fashion as to arouse in the reader an almost breathless interest. The touch of the man of letters is felt even in the mottoes prefixed to the chapters, ranging as they do from Herodotus through Prior and Voltaire to Whitman and Housman.

This instalment of Mr. Churchill's memoirs concludes at the end of the first phase of the naval war. A more difficult task awaits him in the next volume, which will give us the defense of his Dardanelles policy. It is to be hoped that, before he lays down the pen, he will supply what justification he can of his post-war Russian adventures—the period of his career which, more than anything else, has led many of those who most admire his great talents to distrust his character and to reject absolutely his claim to be one of the leaders of a freedom-loving people.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

A Novel of Nuance

Victoria. By Knut Hamsun. Alfred Knopf. $1.75.

TO seek to track down and resolve the fugitive clue of such an exquisite book as "Victoria" by way of an electrolytic paragraph or so, as is the habit nowadays among a handful of younger critics, is, I believe, a quite hopeless task. An ornithologist may, of course, formularize the lark's morning song and then try to whistle it, succeeding perhaps with remarkable mimesis, but the glowing zest behind the sheer bird-note, coloring it and yielding it freedom, is alas, all too absent. If we were able to pinion such beauty as flows through "Victoria" to the dissecting table, might we not conceivably, by taking austere pains and thought, sunder the veil of the Eleusinian mysteries, the hallowed rites that anciently graced the Rarian plain in honor of the sweet rutilant corn, apt symbol of all germinating life? For creative expression in literature, as in the other plastic arts, is a concrete form of the life-giving will. The utter barrenness of a critical goal which sets itself to isolate "significant form" in creative writing, apart from the metaphysical gymnastic involved, is for us incontrovertibly brought home by such novels as "Victoria" and the somewhat earlier "Pan," by Knut Hamsun. It involves, to begin with, the false presumption that beauty is essentially structural in letters, cognitive rather than intuitional which, if true, would make it comparatively easy for anyone who so wishes to take it captive merely by acquiring, let us say, so-called fiction-writing technique. If the theory is simply Platonic, on the other hand, which I strongly suspect it to be, it should be segregated to the region of epistemology where it genuinely belongs.

Apply the structuralist theory again to "The Growth of the Soil," that finely vigorous epic of pioneer life, and we are once more confounded by its abject inutility. Hamsun's masterpiece is frankly an *epopée;* it is spacious and broad and windswept; reading it is not unlike reading the Bible or Homer; but that does not perforce mean that its intrinsic form was either borrowed from the Bible or Homer. Does life borrow exaltation and sting, its tart gusto, its dark wine of being from—what?

"Victoria," the present novel, was written in 1898. In this book, as once before in "Pan," Hamsun was evidently bent on suggesting the filmy contours, the tremulous depth of what the Norwegians, I am given to understand, term *stemning.* It signifies, presumably, a subtle amalgam of atmosphere and evanescent mood; it marks in writing deftly blent nuance and half-born impulse. The effect of such a book as "Victoria" is that of twilight impressions that pass and repass like dim purple shadows across the glassy surface of a forest pool. The art is both succinct and suggestive so that, like a sequestered pool girt with thickening shadows, viewed from far above, it seems to burn with a hard frozen evening-colored flame. What is beneath this mauve flame softened by flitting masses? What does the swift flight of the shadowy words, that veer and dip like swallows, exactly betoken? The phrases Hamsun uses are at best but fleet omens, harbingers of beautiful vaticinal meanings for those, and only those, who are happily skilled to divine them aright. Land and sea and sky are caressingly depicted, and also the eerie sound of black branches knocking against a lonely window-pane at midnight; a winding pathway through the wet woods; but these are merely the musical accompaniment, so to say, to human sadness, to love, to sublime hesitations and repressed passion. In his magical command of language alone Hamsun betrays a sort of chafing for an intenser reality beyond human grasp, even beyond human speech.

The story in itself is quite bare, if not actually banal. The

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young poet Johannes, son of a miller, is dumbly loved by Victoria, his childhood playmate, daughter of the nearby manor laird. Compelled by her social position to crush this morganatic passion, she becomes betrothed to a swaggering young officer, a man of her own class. The poet and the girl, although irrevocably in love, prove bitterly cruel to each other. In the end, utterly beaten by her frustrate longing, Victoria dies of phthisis, still inarticulately loving Johannes who, in the blind abyss of his inexplicable tormented self, loves her, too. That is all. Yet in a very brief space, for the book is spare and condensed, Hamsun has managed to convey a whole world of emotion; it is Victoria's memory, her spirit, we gather, that forever after nourishes the poet's fiery soul; she it is indeed who is mixed, like purging fire, with the quenchless stuff of his own troubled being.

Now, this is at no time explicitly stated in flat prose. The author's intimation, due to the sharp tug and vivid flash of Hamsun's deep art, steals upon us well-nigh unawares. Thus in his early books, in "Victoria" and "Pan"—books chiefly subjective or lyrical in temper—we glimpse in rare perfection Hamsun's gift of plastic expression, just as in "The Growth of the Soil" and in "Hunger" we are permitted, beyond doubt, to commune with a cleansed, unblurred vision that strikes us as one of pure genius.

Hamsun's plastic handling of language makes one envisage him at times in the similitude of a tall, sinewy herdsman goading the dull-eyed, shambling oxen of words through high plowgates of subtler renderings of inner and outer reality. He belongs to the same category of writers as D. H. Lawrence and Giovanni Verga. These men can in no strict sense be regarded as mere prosateurs; they seem to be unceasingly groping for the quick core, the mystery of the sum of things. They are, in short, lyric poets, delicately strung, with live nerves ever on the alert for dim rumors of the beating heart of existence. Compare, for example, the leisured and highly civilized art of Henry James and Marcel Proust with Hamsun's wistful reticence in "Victoria." Where they are dilate and rambling, he is taut and allusive. He is irresistibly drawn far more to the mute reserved Nausicaa, whose feeling we can just barely guess at, than to the glib, transparent Circe, whose tongue leaves nothing to be desired. New values are in this fashion wrung from the flawed instrument of human speech; for it is in comely speech alone that man can hope to answer, as it is in speech he inescapably clothes, the baffling query put by life itself.

PIERRE LOVING

The Loeb Classics

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MACAULAY somewhere defines the true scholar as a man who reads Plato with his feet on the fender; he himself, as Trevelyan remarks, "had studied ancient literature like a man." We have changed all that now; it may be doubted whether our world of today contains any scholar with Macaulay's knowledge of the classics. But he was a prodigious reader: our schools and universities do not develop these, whatever else they may turn out. The time has no doubt passed when Pitt could start an ode of Horace in the Commons, to have it taken up by the House, or when the Duke of Wellington could advise a new member, ambitious of distinction as a speaker, *against* quoting Latin! Nor is it to be hoped, with the widening of the vistas of scientific knowledge since that time, that a reading acquaintance with Plato or Polybius, Tacitus or Claudian, should be the mark of a scholar.

Yet, as President Wilson reminded us a few years ago, the classics remain an indispensable part of our human heritage, and if we cannot read them "like a man" as Macaulay did, we can be grateful to those who make it possible for us to use them as best we may. A great service indeed, then, is that performed by the sponsor and the editors of the Loeb Classics. What finer books could the scholar, or the general reader, ask to be enabled to buy than these—the masterpieces of Greece and Rome, with a text based upon the latest recensions, an adequate introduction, and a translation by a competent scholar? The five latest additions bring the total number so far issued to over a hundred, with the balance between Greek authors and Latin fairly maintained. Of these recent volumes the Herodotus, the Polybius, and the Claudian are by British scholars; Aeschylus and the "Anabasis" of Xenophon, by Americans, and Xenophon's "Symposium" and "Defense of Socrates," by a Canadian.

The task of translation—that is, of attempting the impossible—is in them all adequately done. In the case of the poets, the translators have wisely followed the principle laid down by the late Frederic Harrison rather than the precept of Samuel Johnson. The latter, who favors verse translations of the classical poets, advocates a severe test: "We must try its effect as an English poem; that is the way to judge an English translation." Obviously only a paraphrase—like the doctor's spirited rendering of the two satires of Juvenal—could survive this test—never a translation! Harrison, on the other hand, after a reference to "the heroic attempts of great scholars and some real poets to reproduce in English verse the Greek dramatists," well says that "no poetry whatever can be turned into poetry in another language. But it can be enjoyed in its own language with the help of really adequate prose versions." A prose translation, at least, is likely to avoid the fate of becoming "more difficult to understand than the original," as Garrick said of Elphinstone's Martial.

Of the four plays of Aeschylus—perhaps the most untranslatable of poets—the "Suppliants" and the "Persians" probably have the least appeal to the modern mind. The "Seven Against Thebes" will always be a favorite for its humanity, as the "Prometheus" is for its heroic figure from which "every art by man possessed doth come." The beauty of the choral passages would be more nearly appreciated by the reader who, though he remembers with delight his college Greek, has long since forgotten his metres, if the translation were provided, as in many of the German editions, with a metrical index.

Herodotus and Polybius present a far simpler problem to the translator. The recent volumes of the "most Homeric of historians"—indefatigable traveler, blessed with a curiosity that seems to have paid small tribute to advancing years—begin with the Ionian revolt against Darius and end with the Theban surrender to Xerxes. Inspiring is the theme of Polybius: "How and under what form of government almost all the inhabited world came under the single rule of the Romans in less than fifty-three years"; reassuring his reminder that he has visited all the countries described in his narrative, has verified his statements by examination of original documents and inscriptions, and has personally investigated; of Hannibal's invasion of Italy, "I can speak with some confidence as I have inquired about the circumstances from men present on the occasion and have personally inspected the country and made the passage of the Alps to learn for myself and see," he declares.

The last four books of the "Anabasis" will, to many, bring back memories pleasant or otherwise, of school or college—except that they finish the journey—possibly most of us did not! "Two hundred and fifteen stages, one thousand one hun-

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dred and fifty parasangs, or thirty-four thousand two hundred and fifty-five stadia; and the length in time, upward and downward, a year and three months," says the note at the end. The "Symposium" and the "Defense of Socrates" form a welcome complement to the better-known works of Plato.

As for Claudian, who, as Bury remarks, "had Honorius as his Augustus and Stilicho as his Maecenas," Gibbon well observed that "it would not be easy to produce a passage that deserves the epithet of sublime or pathetic; to select a verse that melts the heart or enlarges the imagination." To be sure the senate ordered his statue erected in the Forum of Trajan with the inscription "To a poet with the mind of a Virgil and the muse of a Homer"! But the modern reader, though he may enjoy passages like the description of the garden of Venus or of the old man of Verona, will hardly read with patience the longer poems or scan with anything but amusement shorter poems like those on the lobster, the magnet, the French mules, or the series of seven on the crystal inclosing a drop of water. Yet the poet whom Crosius calls "poeta eximius sed paganus pervicacissimus" has two good claims upon our consideration. His Latinity is of quality undeniable. And though Egyptian by birth he is a Roman in spirit, with a scorn worthy of a Juvenal for the mongrel court and society of his age. He may, like Dryden, have approached many a lesser occasion *invita Minerva*, but centuries after Virgil he could essay the Virgilian theme with a trumpet worthy of the Mantuan:

> "huius pacificis debemus moribus omnes,
> quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes;
> quod sedem mutare licet; quod cernere Thylen
> lusus et horrendos quondam penetrare recessus;
> quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus Orontem;
> quod cuncti gens una sumus."

A. H. RICE

Santayana

The Life of Reason. By George Santayana. Second edition with new preface. Charles Scribner's Sons. Five volumes. $2 each.

Selected Poems. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

THE publication of a second edition of "The Life of Reason" and the recent issuance of a selection of early poems offers a fit occasion for a summary and estimate of Santayana's position in American thought and letters. It is nearly thirty years since the publication by the then young assistant professor of philosophy at Harvard of "The Sense of Beauty" brought to the attention of those hunting for something more than impressionism in criticism, a mind at once sensitive and profound, a style at once pungent and poetic. Within the next decade Santayana published what may well be considered the one comprehensive system of thought in America. the one thoroughgoing philosophy in the sense of a vision that, comprehending all the typical interests of life and the elementary realms of being, organizes these in the light of principles empirically derived, clearly conceived, and consistently followed through. "The Life of Reason," magnificent as it is in scope, lucid in outline, and musical in idiom, suffered for many years a singular neglect in American opinion. It was utterly unknown to many philosophers, and dismissed by those who had heard of it as mere elegant trifling. No one could be a philosopher who wrote so well, and certainly not a contemporary philosopher who so suavely refused to be entangled in the dialectic jargon and the mumbo-jumbo of the schools. "The Life of Reason," on the other hand, because it was known as a work in philosophy was left for a long time unread by those who have latterly come to find in it one of the beautiful prose achievements of our time. Lovers of literature have for nearly a generation known Santayana's sonnet sequences, the subject matter of which is, as he himself says, his philosophy in the making. But the poetry of his prose has only of late won due recognition.

In the meantime Santayana, since his permanent departure from America in 1912, has won increasing recognition in philosophical circles. A man may be a civilized thinker without being a linguistic barbarian. Even the philosophers who miss in him the tribal dialect of the profession have succeeded in discovering the clear and substantial vaulting that they had thought not to be there, so hypnotized had they been by the light and splendor and decoration of the whole.

But vaulting is hardly the metaphor for Santayana's thought. For his writing resembles not so much a system as a symphony. Its major themes are clear, simple, and sustained. The variations upon them are determined neither by caprice nor arbitrary rationalism, but by the logic of the varieties of human experience. Life is, as Santayana sees it, natural in its basis, that is animal in its origins and mechanical in its operations. It is biological in its materials; logical in its possibilities. It is perishable slime looking upon the stars, mortality conceiving immortal things, eternal essences that transient life may momentarily embody. "The Life of Reason" is merely the story of man's attempt, sporadically successful, and, as Santayana in his new preface insists, precarious at best, to turn natural conditions to ideal uses, lust into love, art into industry, gregarious good fellowship into ideal society. By ideal society he means no mere political Utopia, but the communion of separate creatures of flesh in unanimity of intent, oneness of contemplation and conspiracy of vision. The last volumes of "The Life of Reason" are a detailed review of the elements of ideal society, the symbols by which and among which human creatures live and move and have their rational being. Religion is the life of the moral imagination, in which poetry and spirituality, God and immortality are the metaphors of man's ideal good. Art is the artifice by which men realize in matter, through sound and sight, in music and in monuments, transitive embodiments of conceived perfection. Science is the transcript in which they foreshorten for practice and convenience an experience which would otherwise be too fluid and anarchic to be dealt with at all.

Such a brief outline of Santayana's thought cannot do justice to the beauty and completeness of its presentation nor permit the thousand details of controversy, disagreement, praise, or dissection that one may lavish upon it. It is clearly and confessedly not an original philosophy. Santayana gives the impression of a superb education rather than of genius. The sources of his point of view are, as he constantly insists, in Plato, Aristotle, and Spinoza. He has given classic reexpression to a classic view of life. All things considered, his work stands out among the more wavering currents of contemporary opinion as almost regal in its graceful strength, and its unruffled meditation. It is perhaps rather egregiously foolish in an age of chaos to ask of a lighthouse that it be as unsteady as the surrounding sea waves.

IRWIN EDMAN

The Magic of Lawrence

The Captain's Doll. By D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

A NEW book by Lawrence is always a fulfilment of high expectations based on knowledge of his other work, and at the same time it is a surprise. One counts confidently on sound, original, imaginative use of words and sure understanding of human character, and one knows from experience with other writers that a man must be himself for better or for worse. The element of surprise lies in the fact that genius, especially young genius, strikes out in new directions that nobody can foresee; that is why it is genius. In the case of Lawrence one who has been for years a convinced and devoted admirer feels beside preliminary assurance (and certainty after the fact) a slight fear lest the artist spoil his fiction, his art, with leakages from the muddy pool of psychology in which he has paddled ("Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious") like a precociously clever child. But in his fiction and his verse his sense of life

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keeps him steady. Expectation is fulfilled; and the surprise is a thrill such as the hardened and battered reviewer seldom experiences.

Here are three long short stories, or "novelettes." Each is a masterpiece, and each alone is enough to refute the idea, which is a consolation to the uninventive, that there are no new plots. Not one of these stories suggests anything that has been before, even in the work of Lawrence himself. The novelty resides in the sheer naked plot as well as in the unmatched individuality of the treatment. It is impossible to give away the plot of a story by Lawrence, for nobody else can possibly summarize it. But I will try to tempt the reader's curiosity by rough hints of these stories and by quoted tastes of some of the lovely phrasing.

In the title story a British soldier is in love (if it is love) with a German lady. She is in reduced circumstances and supports herself by designing dolls. One of the dolls is a portrait miniature of the British officer. He has a wife, a vaguely unimportant English woman who appears on the scene briefly and then obligingly removes one side of the triangle by falling out the window and breaking her neck. This leaves the lovers technically free. But they are not free, because he is a bounding egotist, and the absurd doll is the symbol of his more than absurd megalomania. Read the story and see how adroitly it is worked out. As in almost every story of Lawrence's there is a background of natural scenery. Here the background is Tyrolese mountains and glaciers. There is no finer descriptive writing. Quotations break up its solid magnificence, but I will give two or three fragments, which make one shiver like startling lines of poetry. "Waterfalls vaporing down from the deep fangs of ice." "Waters gloating aloud in the gulf below." "Immense, furrowed paws of ice held down between the rock were vivid blue, but of a frightening, poisonous blue, like crystal copper-sulphate."

The second story in the book, The Fox, is so subtly beautiful that one cannot even suggest it. It is a fable, a parable of nature and of human nature. The intricacy of it is a little puzzling at first glance. And I do not know whether I am inviting or forbidding the reader by saying that I have read it three times. The bare bones are that two girls struggle with a chicken farm, and the fox is their practical enemy. A youth in love with one of the girls shoots the fox and in felling a tree kills the other girl. The bones are simple. But the flesh on the bones is palpitating and the spirit within the flesh is uncanny—how that little beast dominates the human beings after he is dead and skinned and disappears from the visible course of events! Who is the fox? How many foxes are there? Are they not all foxes? There is the secret. It is easy, difficult, and engaging. Shooting an animal, says Lawrence in an amazing passage, "is a slow, subtle battle." The only terms in which to criticize Lawrence are his own words.

The third story, The Ladybird (which the English publishers have made the title of the volume), is a little nearer than the others to what we may call accepted expert fiction. And we call it that intending the highest praise. It is a story which Henry James would have welcomed, which Mr. Galsworthy must delight in when he sees it, and which, if I dared, I should ask Mr. Conrad to read. An English lady, an adorable, philosophic English husband returning from the war, a Bohemian count interned in an English hospital. It is a triangle with curiously wavering lines, so that the sense of the triangle is lost and you follow the individual lines. The lines, though tortuous, are austere and sad and tragic, and therefore pure. It is a story for strong souls and high minds. (May a mere reviewer assume so much?) And it is, like almost all of Lawrence, a marvel of writing, of the clarification of the confusion which is life. "The darkness flowed about them thick like blood, and time seemed dissolved in it. They sat with the small, invisible distance between them, motionless, speechless, thoughtless." "Something of me died in the war. I feel it will take me an eternity to sit and think about it all." Do the detached quotations sound brooding, mystical, and lacking in narrative excitement? If you will read them in the context you will find them part of a profoundly human story, wise beyond the superficial play of fiction.

JOHN MACY

The Red Brother

The Indian's Book. By Natalie Curtis. Harper and Brothers. $7.50.

Seneca Indian Myths. By Jeremiah Curtin. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

THE first concerted movement of the American people to save what is left of their invaluable inheritance of aboriginal life did not begin soon enough to include two of the best interpreters of that life America has ever had. Nevertheless both Jeremiah Curtin and Natalie Curtis Burlin did their work of collecting and recording the myths and music of aboriginal America in full confidence that the awakening to the value and pertinence of these things to American life and literature could not be long delayed. Natalie Curtis in particular worked always as if in the presence of an interest as comprehensive and an appreciation as critical as her own, so that all her work has something of the freshness of discovery and the lift of communication. "The Indian Book," in the new edition made since her death by motor accident in Paris two years ago, is not much enlarged from the original publication of 1907. There are several excellent new illustrations, two new songs, and an exceptionally good rendering of the Yuma Creation Myth, but otherwise the book remains a collection of personally contributed myths and songs, chiefly of Southwestern tribes, with native decorations, put together by Miss Curtis for the purpose it has so well served of making a link between the aboriginal and the later American makers of songs and tales.

This deliberate effort toward communication has led to the selection of such songs and myths as have values recognized as aesthetic by un-Indian standards. How much of this was conscious on the part of the Indian contributors and how much was due to suggestion on the part of Miss Curtis it is now impossible to say, but with the possible exception of Frank Hamilton Cushing's "Zuni Folk Tales" there is no other collection of Amerindian literature offering so many completely satisfying—from our point of view—examples of myth- and song-making art. One can only conclude that in addition to her high technical proficiency, Miss Curtis brought a quality of genius to her work for which no true descriptive term exists. It was a genius for discerning points of alikeness between aboriginal American experience and the more sophisticated taste of later Americans, which enabled her to complete the aesthetic circle at every point and so produce a bridge by which the most skeptical modernist could be brought into touch with the primitive lyric impulse. And always without visible effort and without sacrifice of the translator's obligation to preserve truth in the idiom of scientific accuracy. It is the completeness of Miss Curtis's success that has led to the charge in some quarters that she sentimentalizes the Indian. Rereading her work after years of intimacy with the life and thought depicted, I do not find this charge sustained. Indians are not all one thing any more than white men are. They have their moments of tenderness, of colorful, half whimsical, half wistful reaction to their environment; and at almost all moments the delicacy of their aesthetic approach is superior to ours. It is chiefly such moments that Miss Curtis has chosen to record in "The Indian's Book." In the rendering of the intertwined word and melody patterns of aboriginal song-poems she is probably more successful that any other worker in this field. She was also the first. Incredible as it seems now when all the world is turning for thematic material to Amerind music, when Miss Curtis first began to record words and music she was warned that she must conduct her studies in secret, and it was finally necessary for President Roosevelt to intervene protectively between her and

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the perennial stupidity of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. That was a state of things that perhaps sanctioned the first publication of the songs of the first edition of "The Indian's Book" as a replica of Miss Curtis's own musical script, a clumsy device that the publishers would have done well to avoid now that there is an audience waiting for it to whom the extra pound of bookmaker's weight is merely an annoyance.

In her selection of myths Miss Curtis has been less triumphant because less representative. Aesthetic enjoyment is far less a factor in primitive myth-making than it is with us. What the Amerind story-teller aimed at was not story interest so much as some sort of rationalization of the mysteries with which he found himself surrounded, as an aid to the mastery of his environment. Working under the Bureau of Ethnology, actuated by the belief that a study of mythology is necessary to an understanding of the evolution of the human mind, Jeremiah Curtin was entirely successful in keeping himself out of his work. What he has given us in his long series of collected myths is an uncolored view of the primitive mind at work on the American environment, at a stage in which the necessity of attributing moral qualities to the gods had not yet arisen, and man's passion for the conquest of his environment was not yet biased by the Freudian urges, at least not in the direction that Freud insists upon. This posthumous volume of Seneca Indian myths deserves attention not only as Curtin's last effort, but probably the last important contribution of the vanishing New York tribe. Reading it one can not help wishing that the modern New Yorker would turn from the clinics of a sick civilization to this unabashed record of unselfconscious man, before sex had become an obsession and the conquest of the material world was less a matter of economic necessity than it was the elucidation of the problem of man-ness. Curtin did not live long enough to have his work taken as seriously as he hoped it would be as a factor in the evolution of the American consciousness. But if we are ever to have such a national adjustment to our present environment as the term implies, it can only come by deliberately refusing to continue to shape our social concepts out of the infected consciousness of Europe, and definitely reestablishing them in the fresh knowledge of social beginnings which such work as Jeremiah Curtin's supplies.

MARY AUSTIN

A Visit to a Gnani

From Adam's Peak to Elephanta. By Edward Carpenter. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

EDWARD CARPENTER'S visit to India was not made because of a traveler's curiosity about a strange land, but because of a special interest he felt to know more of the wise men of the East and the remarkable civilization which has flowered in the Upanishads, the Vedas, and in its people's almost marvelous accomplishments in architecture and sculpture. An Indian friend had presented Carpenter with a copy of the "Bhagavat Gita," and, as he writes in his autobiography, "My Days and Dreams," the reading of this work had precipitated the crystallization of his poem, "Towards Democracy," the composition of which has been his life's work. A relationship had been thus established between Carpenter and India of a nature to demand a closer acquaintance. When, therefore, in 1890, this same friend in Ceylon invited him to come and meet a certain Gnani, one of India's wise men, Carpenter felt that what he had expected would some day happen was about to happen, and he set out immediately. The experiences of this visit are given in "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta."

The events of the thirty years which have passed since this book was first published, and especially those of the last three or four years, serve to confirm Carpenter's estimate of the social changes which were beginning to take place in India when he set it down in 1892. The influence of Western education, and the growth of modern commercialism transplanted in India's soil by England, had already begun to bring the old religion of its people into discredit, and to send them calling for new ideals. A Young India had begun to assert itself, quoting the writings of Mill, Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley, and frankly boasting itself agnostic. The social customs of the West had broken up the caste system and disintegrated the family system. The political ideas of the West had brought a National Indian Congress into being, with a host of newspapers in its train to give the widest publicity to its discussions and resolutions. Factory chimneys were being raised to stand, cheek by jowl, with the spires of the ancient temples devoted to the worship of Vishnu and Siva. Universities were being founded to cultivate the natives in the ways of Western thinking and Western living. Yet in spite of the *rapprochement* on the part of the Indians themselves to this new civilization, the Anglo-Indian kept himself aloof from them and stood coldly apart as the ruler over the ruled. His interest was so selfish and his attitude so condescending that a race-dislike was bred, which soon threatened to involve both in a catastrophe of rebellion. Carpenter was fearful of the outcome of this Western influence. At the same time, he recognized that Western ideas of progress would undoubtedly help the people of India to give definition to their minds and work, and impart the necessary materialism to their thought, so sadly needed in India. He felt, however, that these ideas would not touch the old underlying truths of Indian philosophy and tradition. These truths he considered were an extraordinary possession, containing, as he said, "the very germ of modern democracy, and these would remain, as heretofore, indestructible and unchanged, and would form the rallying point of Indian life."

The wisdom which enabled Carpenter to foresee, with an almost prophetic power, the inevitable outcome of the forces which were operating in India in 1890 was, in all probability, though he nowhere says so, the fruit of his conversations with the Gnani in Ceylon. The four chapters which give the substance of these conversations contain little that is news to us today. Since they were written numerous books have been published expounding the peculiar philosophy and occultism which are at the foundation of a religion which has profoundly affected the lives of more than a third of the inhabitants of the world. But Carpenter makes one contribution which is more than of expository value. He had had his own experience of spiritual renascence in writing "Towards Democracy"— an experience of intense consciousness of the oneness of all life. The experience had changed him from the mere dilettante in ideals into an exemplifier of them. He left the church to live what he had come to believe, and he has remained faithful to the experience throughout a long life. He found in the Gnani one of those men to whom this experience was the spring of their lives, and for whom it was as natural as breathing. He had met an exemplification of it before in the poetry of Walt Whitman, in which it had appeared "in all its voluminous modern unfoldment." But in the Gnani it overwhelmed him, almost, as the religion of a people who had lived by it for thousands of years. He might differ in details of modern science and politics, but he was convinced that the Gnani was possessed of an outlook and of an intuition which the moderns might envy. He has come to the conclusion, however, after ten years of study of this Indian thought, that the true line (first adequately pointed out by Whitman) consists "in combining and harmonizing both body and soul, the outer and the inner." East and West, each errs on one side. Indian methods and attitude, if they bring illumination, result in an over-quiescence of the mind which leads to torpor. Western habits, if they bring material advantages, tend toward an over-activity and external distraction which may end in disintegration. The true line is the line of growth, in which soul and body are complementary, each to the other. What the Eastern recluse taught the Western preacher during this visit was that India possesses a distinct body of experience and knowledge so necessary that the whole human race is destined to rise to it because of the wonderful

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and added faculties which its acquirement brings with it. It further convinced him that it would be for the salvation of the West if it disentangled that knowledge from its abnormal growths, and employed it, not for the advantage or glory of itself, but for the benefit of the whole world. "If any should seek it for the advantage or glory to himself of added powers and faculties," he says, "his quest will be in vain, for it is an absolute condition of attainment that all action for self as distinct from others shall entirely cease."

This is the special contribution Carpenter makes to our modern study of Indian philosophy. For him it is the truth which should inspire all our industrial, political, and social activities. It is what inspired him, personally, in the writing of his life's work, "Towards Democracy," and it is what heartened him in the great adventure on which he set out alone to find the happy issues out of the afflictions from which he saw his fellow-men were suffering. Whatsoever may be our different judgments as to the validity of Carpenter's conclusion, we must surely be at one in an admiration for the man's moral courage and purity of heart.

TEMPLE SCOTT

Bodenheim

The Sardonic Arm. Bodenheim. Covici-McGee. $3.50.

THE laconism of this title-page implies not so much an increase in Mr. Bodenheim's vanity as a strengthening of his determination, a renewal of his most militant mood. His kind of poetry has not been welcome in the world; therefore he will assault the citadel and clear a space where he can stand and be himself. A "Reluctant Foreword" enumerates the qualities which he believes we neglect when we neglect him. "That tantalizing obscurity of words, luring the nimbleness of mental regard—subtlety—and those deliberate acrobatics that form an original style—both are waiting for the melodrama, comedy and lecture to subside. Alas, what a long waiting is before them—pity these two aristocrats and admire their isolated tenacity. Drop the trivial gift of a tear, also, upon a wilted, elaborate figure thrown into cell number hirty-two and trying to remember that his name was once Intellect. Then deposit the lengthened confession of a sigh upon another drooping form known as Delicate Fantasy—an elusive liar who ravishes colors without mentioning their names (not the endless blue, green, white, yellow, red, lavender, mauve, pink, brown, cerise, golden, orange, and purple of American Imagists). They have kicked him into the cellar, damn them. Recognize the importance of his bruises. And also, spy, in the loosely naive tumult, an agile, self-possessed pilgrim known as Irony. They have kicked him in the stomach,, these symbols of earth triumphant." Mr. Bodenheim is as scornful of his contemporaries as Marlowe, Jonson, Pope, Wordsworth, and Whitman were of theirs. Like them he wants to begin the game again.

He will continue to meet resistance for several reasons. The difficulty of reading him may be the most obvious of these, though it is not the most important. Difficulty after all is a relative term, and if Mr. Bodenheim is read three times, or ten, he will be clear. A more serious reason is the abstractness of his language—or rather its new kind of abstractness. It has long been a question whether terms like pool, wood, sky, ground, grass, smile, kiss, rain, flower, stone are not abstractions in poetry. But at least they are familiar, and are believed to mean something. Now comes Mr. Bodenheim with new terms—"the identity of sternness," "the delicate anti-climax of a mental caper," "the persistent shudder of emotion," "the rancid importance of flesh," "the ritual of disappointment," "the recalcitrant antics of words," "the opium of innuendoes." These to be sure mean a good deal in their contexts. Yet how often is it clear, to others than their maker, precisely what they mean?

Another reason, not unconnected with the foregoing, is contained in the fact that Mr. Bodenheim's intellect is an implacable enemy of both sensuous and sensual things. The aim of his least poem is to dissolve the flesh of appearances and discover the small, insoluble deposit of thought beneath—the fine, silver wire of irony that eats like a worm at the center. Even then there is disillusion. Surfaces bore him; so does the space within. Outwardly life is dull; inwardly it is meaningless. The world is a heap of rubbish for his wit to penetrate and refine. Nothing will result, of course, but his mind is restless, and this will have been something for it to do. Nature learned the lesson long ago.

> The countless vagaries of maple leaves,
> Elastic humbleness of flowers and weeds,
> The hill, a placid stoic to all creeds,
> They use an obvious language that deceives
> The subtle theories of human ears.
> Their tongue is motion and they scorn the rhyme
> And meter made by men to soothe their fears.
>
> Beneath the warm strength of each August hour
> They spurn cohesion and the plans of thought,
> With quick simplicity that seems confused
> Because it signals mystic whims that tower
> Above the thoughts and loves that men have caught:
> Beyond the futile words that men have used.

Mr. Bodenheim is content to chatter with the trees against the pitiful formulas of men. For him "the lurking emptiness behind life separates into little, curious divisions of sound." And that is all.

That, it goes without saying, will continue to be unpopular. Most men like appearances, and most of the remainder like to believe that there is much behind them. Mr. Bodenheim must be content to address a very small band. But they will call him excellent, and they will be right. It is something to have reduced the universe "to a speck of quivering clarity," to have looked until "an unearthy laugh peered through the crevices of our eyes." Mr. Bodenheim has learned to put all his brains, and he has many, into each line. He has developed a subtle and brittle rhythm; he has chastened his style until its accuracy is uncanny—perhaps unreal. Wrenched as his diction sounds at first, it has a way of sticking in the memory, as gargoyles do. And in the midst of so much dryness and desolation of phrase, occasionally something comes that can be seen or heard, that crackles in the stillness.

> Earth, the men who scrape at your flanks
> Can never stop to examine
> The thin line of speech that goes adventuring
> Where your brown hills bite the sky.

MARK VAN DOREN

Cotton and Corn

In the Land of Cotton. By Dorothy Scarborough. The Macmillan Company. $2.

West of the Water Tower. Anonymous. Harper and Brothers. $2.

THE older novels of "local color" that spread pandering quaintness before complacency and drew out unctuous gobs of fat laughter from leering superiority, and the more pretentious tales of the simple life that preyed upon the factitious tear from the more or less practicable eye have given place to satires and tragedies of small towns and farms. A more respectful use of factual detail is a concomitant of the resulting approach toward a more accurate synthesis of personality and environment. The initiating drama, furthermore, is grounded upon plausible characters and circumstances, but in the resolution of the tangle recourse is still had to the dogma that idealism is the novel made possible.

The outward aspects of the lives that are passed in the Southwest and the Middle West, where cotton and corn are raised, are given abundantly in these two novels. Miss Scarborough

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presents with a photographic approximation the seasons of cotton on a Texas plantation, on nearby tenant farms, and in a small town.

The anonymous author of the story "West of the Water Tower" is concerned less with the exigencies of a crop laid upon humanity than with the manners and customs of a corn-land town conditioned only indirectly by the fields flanking it. Both writers recognize class distinctions and heighten the contrast by love affairs across the gap. Both writers draw upon homely sayings. Miss Scarborough is more insistently but not less urgently bent upon pointing a "way out" of a complication of social indignities and evils.

Cotton, coquetry, and the Negro are the three ingredients of Miss Scarborough's Texas. The first is so pointedly dominant that the novel is almost an epic of a land and its product. Miss Scarborough evokes the beauty of a cotton field in all its stages of growth.

Pictures of the southern Negroes planting, hoeing, chopping, and gathering cotton, of scenes at the gins and among the buyers in the small towns are festivals of color and song. She has given many of the Negro's cotton songs in their entirety. Yet cotton is a gamble, an imperious, wayward master. Miss Scarborough reports the lean years with the fat; she contrasts the stark horror of 1914, when cotton sold for less than it cost to raise, with the dizzy prosperity of 1916, when tenant farmers and darkies who had not been out of debt to the supply stores for years were able to buy automobiles. She tells of floods and insect pests and droughts.

But even more than the ways of nature the lot of the tenant farmer, caught between a grasping landlord and an usurious merchant, and held captive by both to the one crop, engages her. Her novel is in effect a plea for his relief—diversification of crops, extension of long-term, low-interest credits, and facilitation of the ownership of small farms. One almost loses sight of the daughter of a rich plantation owner and the son of a poor tenant farmer, and their love. The martyred crusader and the ardent reforming girl are too simply motivated. It just misses being a great novel. It admirably succeeds, however, in elucidating a social problem.

Oratory and steadfastness, a gift for mixing among men, ambition to stand out in the community, and an identification with Abraham Lincoln and the hero of Henley's "Invictis"—these make up the "American spirit" in the Middle West, according to "West of the Water Tower." The young man, Guy Plummer, in whom these qualities are concentrated, starts with a triumphant speech on Lincoln at his high-school graduation, passes through degradation and obloquy, and wins the privilege of addressing Rotarians on the need for good roads in the community.

All the minor characters are etched in terms of their foibles, their engaging quirks and their aspirations. The fallen minister who falters from fanaticism and turns toward Ingersoll and Darwin, and his arch-enemy, the freethinking lawyer who reaches out to new thought and spiritualism for a more satisfying philosophy than good-tempered disbelief, form an antithesis that is further tightened in the relation of the minister's son and the infidel's daughter. Guy, the minister's son, is admirably hooked on his own dilemma of the invincible Lincoln-dream and his spineless temporizing. He is released with incredible dexterity.

In reviling the crudely gossiping community, however, the author drops his detachment and champions Guy. Perhaps he is conscious of the popular belief that the writing of novels is a nice, easy, clean job, unless the novelist teaches some wholesome generality. Perhaps he is unwilling to face the consequences of an affront to the Lincoln myth in an ironic frustration of Guy. Certainly the end of the novel has the earmarks, from the inner glow of Guy to the external blare of brass trumpets, of a Cohanesque climax to a simple and moving tragedy of life.

JOHN W. CRAWFORD

Roman Remains in Germany

Germania Romana. Ein Bilderatlas, herausgegeben von der Römisch-Germanischen Kommission des Deutschen Archaeologischen Instituts. Bamberg: C. C. Buchner. $3.

THIS "pictorial atlas" is an admirable conspectus of the traces left on German soil of Roman rule, during the first four centuries, in the Rhineland and the Danube territories. One hundred plates containing some eight hundred excellent illustrations bring to view nearly every phase of life—except the sufferings of the vanquished population—in what at that time was one of the most lucrative colonial possessions of the Roman Empire.

Naturally, the military aspect of conditions in the occupied territory forms an important part of these illustrations. It is represented, in the first place, by remains and reconstruction plans of Roman camps and *limes* forts, such as those at Haltern, Xanten, Wiesbaden, Murrhardt; curiously enough, of the much-heralded Saalburg, the plaything of the former German Emperor, only a few minor details have been included. There follows a large number of selected monuments from graves of Roman soldiers, common *legionarii* as well as officers of all ranks. The majority of the tombstones consist, naturally, of simple slabs with inscription and sparse ornament. But there are also many examples of elaborate reliefs, the favorite representation of the person to be memorialized being that of a horseman riding at full gallop and aiming his spear at the body of a German lying prostrate under the horse's hoofs. The most ornate class of these funeral reliefs shows the dead officer seated at a table and partaking of a solemn feast, symbolic of the joys of the hereafter, while an allegorical attendant is leading his horse away. Illustrations of arms, weapons, standards, and official stamps of various army organizations complete this military part of the volume.

Of still greater interest, however, is the part dealing with the political, industrial, cultural, and religious life of the Romans in the conquered provinces. Such splendid specimens of imperial architecture as the Porta Nigra, the Caesarian Baths, the Basilica at Trier are given due prominence. The most important mosaics from country houses of Roman nobles in the Moselle valley and elsewhere are reproduced. Particular emphasis is laid upon that remarkable group of monuments unearthed some forty years ago in the village of Neumagen near Trier and now exhibited in the Trier Provincial Museum: a large number of reliefs representing the greatest variety of scenes from everyday life—return from the hunt, dressing for a festive occasion, circus races, shipping products of vintage and harvest, paying rents, changing money, weighing merchandise, and so on. And more space than to any other subject is given to sculptural representations of religious themes. Among these the so-called "Jupiter-Giant Columns," on the top of which the horse of a Jupiter-like rider is represented as thrusting its hoofs upon the shoulders of a snake-footed giant, are of special significance as showing the blending of Roman cult forms with native, probably Celtic, traditions. Other monuments give clear indications of the influx of the oriental Mithras worship even into these northern outposts of Roman civilization. The last plate contains a few specimens of early Christian art in the Rhineland belonging to the time of the Roman occupation.

The text preceding this large array of illustrations is concise, exact, and to the point, introducing the various groups of monuments by brief sketches of their character and significance, and giving for each object the place where it was found, the museum where it is kept, and all the necessary bibliographical references for its interpretation.

The editors, Professors Friedrich Koepp and Friedrich Drexel of Frankfurt, are to be congratulated upon having brought to fulfilment, in spite of gravest financial difficulties, a publication which far outranks everything achieved heretofore in the way of summarizing the results of the varied specialist researches upon civilization in Germany under Roman rule. The

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remarkably low price of the volume brings it within the range of every American student of archaeology or history; and it seems a matter of course that few university, college, or public libraries will be without it. KUNO FRANCKE

Conrad Is Himself

Joseph Conrad, His Romantic Realism. By Ruth M. Stauffer. The Four Seas Company. $2.50.

DOES it matter to Joseph Conrad whether he is classified as a realist or a romanticist, a romantic-realist or realist-romanticist?

To Conrad the question must appear to be as academic, as far removed from the purposes his art is to serve as was the information Polonius conveyed to Hamlet, to wit, that the traveling players, Elsinore-bound, could enact not only comedy and tragedy but also "history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individual or poem unlimited." Perhaps this attempt to classify Conrad represents, to Miss Stauffer, a needful profession of faith and the volume an humble offering to the shrine of the master, a consolidation of his claims to the more serious attention of the present generation, if not to immortality. Yet, to Conrad himself, this pigeonholing, a process to which Miss Stauffer virtually confesses, must appear altogether beside the mark.

If ever there was an outstanding creator who proceeded to his work without predilections as to method, without conscious choice of manner, it was Conrad. His touching modesty on the occasion of his first interview in this country—that aboard the incoming Tuscania on May Day morning—permits of no other conclusion, even should no other evidence be available. "You know," he declared deprecatingly, "my mind is not critical. I have not the general culture for criticism. . . . Even to this day I do not like writing. It is a frightful grind."

What must a master of this character say to the barrage of impressive quotations behind which Miss Stauffer, after dismissing the elusively simple classifications of realist and romanticist, arrives at the conclusion that he is a romantic-realist? Does it matter?

When Miss Stauffer confesses her inability to "place" Mr. Conrad either as a romanticist or a realist and designates him romantic-realist is she not thereby confessing the more important fact that, to her, Conrad transcends classification? Perceiving in his work the best qualities of both romanticist and realist—assuming the necessity of employing this dichotomy in critical estimates—and finding it needful, moreover, to place a tag upon him for future reference, she must conclude that he combines in himself the best qualities of both, thus completing her critical journey at her starting-point.

To write that "in the descriptions of men Conrad uses the uncompromising method of the realist; and reserves the suggestiveness and poetry of the romantic style for descriptions of nature and of women" is to assert that the novelist uses instinct, and not method, employing realism and romanticism as means to the dominant end of relating a story effectively. It is not as a romanticist that we shall remember Joseph Conrad, or as a realist; neither as a realist-romanticist nor a romantic-realist, but as a story-teller to whom realism and romanticism were either useful tools or useless abstractions. That is the substance of it.

To the reviewer it seems that Mr. Neilson, whom Miss Stauffer quotes, has excellently generalized the point at issue in so far as Conrad is concerned: "The supreme artists at their best," he writes, "rise above conflicts and propaganda, and are known, not by the intensity of their partisanship, but by the perfection of their balance. They show the virtues of all the schools; and in them each virtue is not weakened, but supported, by the presence of others which lesser men had supposed to be antagonistic." HARRY SALPETER

John Addington Symonds

Letters and Papers of John Addington Symonds. Collected and edited by Horatio F. Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THE reception that this book is to receive will depend upon the sympathies and antipathies of the reader. That is of course the case with any book; but it is particularly true of this, for the reader will be drawn to Symonds's personality only if he sympathizes with the characteristically late nineteenth-century spiritual doubts and misgivings which found such abundant expression in the correspondence and the verse of the author of the "Renaissance in Italy." The biography which Mr. Brown published nearly thirty years ago was made up in large part of extracts from Symonds's letters and journals, and this new volume is a sort of supplement, apparently intended to reach those who do not know the "Life." Readers of the "Life" will find little new here. There is abundant record of the industrious fecundity which poured out book after book; there is the same profound and wistful love of beauty, especially the beauty of Italian art and landscape; there is the same strange and hectic energy that alternated with periods of weak despondency; there is the same evidence of perpetual groping after the truth and determination to live resolutely in the Whole, the Good, and the Beautiful, notwithstanding the ravaging disease from which the writer suffered. Like Pater, with whom Symonds had much in common in taste and little in philosophy and style, Symonds reflects lucidly the mind of his generation. Not a great or original thinker, he stands between the general educated body of readers and the group of philosophic Oxonians who were his friends. He is an interpreter of the new ideas in terms of the old beauty.

There are but few "Papers" in this volume. This is disappointing, for the most interesting part of the book is the first section, the record of an evening at the house of Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, when Symonds, then but twenty-five years of age, heard Woolner and his father, Dr. Symonds, and Holman Hunt, and Tennyson, and Gladstone converse after dinner. The talk turned to the Eyre scandal. Gladstone attacked and Tennyson defended the cruel governor of Jamaica. "Tennyson did not argue. He kept asserting various prejudices and convictions. . . . Gladstone looked glum and irate." Later in the evening, when Tennyson had been persuaded to read his translation of the passage in Homer of Achilles shouting in the trench, "Gladstone continually interrupted him with small points about words. . . . It was always to air some theory of his own that he broke Tennyson's recital; and he seemed listening only in order to catch something up."

For a few more vivid scenes such as this one would gladly sacrifice Symonds's metaphysical speculations. The book contains many acute brief bits of literary criticism; some good counsel to younger men about to enter upon a career of letters; and much attractive evidence of the warmth of Symonds's heart and his attachment to friends. SAMUEL C. CHEW

Modern French Philosophy

Modern French Philosophy. By J. Alexander Gunn. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

THE nineteenth century in French philosophy has been singularly neglected by historians. It is scarcely ever more than mentioned in the usual general histories, and except for the name of Comte rarely occurs in the university courses. In France itself there have been no treatises covering the whole period. Dr. Gunn's study, then, although it does not do more than touch philosophers who wrote before 1851, is peculiarly welcome. It is pioneer work. Considering this, and the fact that it is an expanded doctoral dissertation, one should be generous in appraising it.

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toward the first of these is supposed to determine their attitude toward the succeeding. By robbing science of its dogmatism the rights of man to freedom are held to be substantiated. But freedom demands that history be capricious and that conduct be guided by a well-wrought ethical theory—Gunn *loquitur*. There thus come forward, like characters in a masque, the various theories of good conduct, from the aestheticism of Renan's later years to the *morale sans obligation ni sanction* of Guyau. But since ethics is restless without a foundation in religion, the problem of the universe as a stage for our acts is the final study of the book.

So slight an outline of Dr. Gunn's work but faintly adumbrates its structure. It must suffice, however, to indicate in what way the history of philosophy is here presented. It is surely a strong enough suggestion to justify some surprise at the sentence: "The foregoing pages have been devoted to a history of ideas rather than to the maintenance of any special thesis or particular argument" (p. 317). The foregoing pages are speedily seen to be the fruits of a very special thesis, not only about the importance of the problem of freedom, but also about the function of history writing. They treat the history of ideas as if it were the logical arrangement of their main presuppositions. They show a belief that the non-philosophic interests of the country have small influence upon the philosophic, and vice versa.

The last point mentioned is especially astonishing since, as Dr. Gunn says himself very well (p. 323), the French are the best-educated people in philosophy in the world. Philosophy is taught in their lycées; its topics form part of daily conversation.

The debates in the French Chamber last summer over Bérard's proposal for a return to the classics in education featured a week's argument on Kant. The magazines are crammed with allusions to philosophic points of view, and literature in that amazing country loses much of its force to one who does not understand its philosophic background. The French treat all their problems philosophically—that is, with critical analysis. Such men as Julien Benda, Sorel, Léon Daudet, Anatole France are typical of the French method of interpreting life. Surely they have some place in their country's philosophic history. The intimacy between very abstract reflection and concrete action is an eminent characteristic of French civilization and one of its greatest faults.

I feel that if Dr. Gunn had soaked himself in French life and letters—a request which it is highly inappropriate to make of a candidate for the Ph.D.—he would have cultivated his field more cautiously but more fruitfully. His critical sense would never have permitted him to link Coué of Nancy with Charcot, Ribot, Binet, and Pierre Janet (p. 49 n.), nor Buchez with Proudhon, omitting any mention of Ballanche (p. 175). He would have avoided the overstatement that outside of Roman Catholicism there is "no religious organization which is of much account" (p. 270), and the blunder of making the Vatican "choose to favor, or rather to follow" Joseph de Maistre (p. 272).

Again a deeper acquaintance with psychology would have eliminated the naive footnote to the effect that the church's strong appeal to women is due "to the supreme loveliness of motherhood" expressed in Mariolatry (p. 278). A wider reading of French philosophies before his period opens would have prevented the charge that Cousin's eclecticism was "a foreign growth on French soil, due to German influence" (p. 319). Finally he would have corrected the statement, let us hope, that at the time of Renouvier's "Essais de Critique Générale" (1854-1864) there prevailed in France an ignorance of Immanuel Kant.

These points and others could be cleared up, if Dr. Gunn wished, in a second edition of his study. A second edition will undoubtedly be called for, since his work is both full of information and timely. It would be too bad if it were not also accurate.

GEORGE BOAS

Americana

The United States: From the Discovery of the American Continent to the End of the World War. By William Henry Hudson and Irwin S. Guernsey. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.

A History of Minnesota. Vol. I. By William Watts Folwell. The Minnesota Historical Society.

Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (Vol. 55), 1921-22. Published by the Society (Boston).

THE volume by Hudson and Guernsey represents an attempt to cover the whole period of American development within the compass of a single volume of 632 pages. It appears as one of the volumes in the Great Nations Series. Mr. Hudson was by personal experience admirably equipped to interpret the history of the United States to the English-speaking world. Trained in England, and for years secretary to Herbert Spencer, he was later assistant librarian of Cornell University, lecturer at the University of Chicago, and professor of English literature at Stanford University. Mr. Hudson had planned to write the entire volume, but his death prevented the execution of the task beyond the chapter on the administration of John Adams. The book was completed from this point by Mr. Irwin S. Guernsey of the DeWitt Clinton High School in New York City.

While undoubtedly available as a college textbook on American history, the volume is quite obviously intended for the general reader, and is best adapted to his needs. In this respect it differs from the earlier works of Bassett and Elson. In its attitude toward the interpretation of our national evolution, the methodology and point of view are wholly conventional. The subject matter is overwhelmingly military, diplomatic, and political history, presented primarily from the episodical, rather than the institutional viewpoint. If compared with a recent book of somewhat similar pretensions, it departs widely from distribution of material and mode of interpretation which characterize the notable work of Professor W. M. West on "American Democracy." Professor Max Farrand's brief but vital volume interpreting the main phases and processes of American development, and Professor Schlesinger's brilliant achievement in summarizing the chief results of recent American scholarship in recasting the interpretation of the history of the United States have not affected the authors' orientation or the arrangement of the narrative.

One is forewarned not to expect familiarity with the latest positions in historical scholarship when he is informed on page 12 that the Turkish occupation of the Eastern trade-routes was the basic cause of the discovery of America. There is no clear indication of the important point, so emphasized by Professors Shepherd and Bolton, that the discovery and colonization of the United States was but an integral part of that great movement of European expansion overseas following 1492. The interpretation of the antecedents of the American Revolution is highly conventional. Mr. Hudson would satisfy even the better type of American municipal school committee in this regard. The summary scarcely reaches the level of the objective English writers on the subject, such as Lecky and Trevelyan, to say nothing of embodying the results of the researches of such men as Van Tyne, Schlesinger, Alvord, Fisher, Beer, Becker, and others. Even the Boston Tea Party remains undefiled. The analysis of the background and the making of the Federal Constitution of 1787 is commonplace, episodical, and reverential. There is no hint that Beard and Libby have written on this subject. Professor Turner's emphasis on the place of the frontier and the section in American development has been very inadequately appropriated. The background of the Jacksonian democracy, so well presented by Simons and Schlesinger, is omitted. In treating the period since the Civil War astonishingly little space is given to that fundamental economic revolution which Beard and Lingley have so admirably interpreted. The duplicity and lack of nerve on the part of President Mc-

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Kinley in the face of party pressure, which made possible the Spanish-American War, is not at all revealed. Finally, rather more space is given to the colonial period, and rather less to the development of the country since the Civil War, than would be approved by the more progressive writers on American history today. The book is interestingly written and admirably printed. Certain chapters, especially that on colonial society, possess high merit. One who desires a reliable and reasonably vivid conventional narrative of American history will not be disappointed with this volume; those who wish to gain some real insight into the growth of American society and culture will turn to West's "American Democracy."

The book by Dr. Folwell, formerly president of the University of Minnesota, is the first of a four-volume work in process of publication. It constitutes another promising contribution to that fruitful cultivation of Western history, begun by Professor Turner and his disciples a generation ago, and to that laudable interest in State history by others than antiquarians, which is now being forwarded by Professors C. W. Alvord, B. F. Shambaugh, D. R. Fox, and others. The present volume brings the material down to the eve of the Civil War, and is notable for attention to social, economic, and cultural, as well as political, forces in the growth of the State. Those interested in the history of the old Northwest will eagerly await the appearance of the remaining volumes. The editorship of Professor Solon J. Buck gives double assurance of accuracy and vitality in the narrative.

The latest volume of the "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society" is wholly in keeping with earlier issues in bringing together material primarily biographical, episodical, and antiquarian in nature. In this volume the most interesting and important material is contained in the estimates of James Bryce by Charles W. Eliot, A. Lawrence Lowell, and James Ford Rhodes, and the tribute to Professor Barrett Wendell by President Lowell. There are many entries of antiquarian interest.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

De Casseres, Anarch

The Shadow Eater. By Benjamin De Casseres. American Library Service. $2.

NEARLY a score of years has passed since "The Shadow Eater" was first published and yet the author of these startling poems has remained practically unknown except in the journalistic milieu that he frequented. The critical scouts that should have been alert for the signs of new genius either ignored or were ignorant of the existence of Benjamin De Casseres. Remy de Gourmont and James Huneker pointed the way to his door, but their voices were lost in the rumble of drums that heralded the constant arrivals on the literary scene of magnificoes of little talent. The drums are still rumbling and genius still starves for the appreciation that should attend it. Now that "The Shadow Eater" has been republished after the lapse of a number of years I, who have lately read these poems for the first time, wonder if it be possible for De Casseres to receive his due from this generation. That a later one will hail him as a poet who spoke before his time I have no doubt, but today he is doomed to obscurity for reasons that are patent to any one who brings an understanding sympathy to the reading of his strange poems.

Their spirit is anarchical, but of an anarchy that transcends the breaking of the tablets of man's petty fashioning and would assault the enthroned Life Force itself. It beats savagely against the walls of its prison, not for freedom's sake, but because it would know—and destroy—that which lies beyond them. To those who serenely await a supernal answer to the great riddle as well as to those who anoint their uneasy souls with the unguent of philosophers or theologians the poetry of Benjamin De Casseres will always be anathema. No larks sing their "God's-in-His-Heaven" songs in these pages. Daffodils may nod in sun-bright rows but De Casseres stands lost in contemplation before the gibbet that rises black and stark against the moon. The unearthly secret of life glows through these poems, but to the poet it lies hidden behind its blinding radiance. He grapples with that mystery of the spirit that pushed up cursing man from the primordial ooze and yet throughout the struggle he knows the futility of his soul-wearying efforts. But Caliban some day will stand before Prospero and of this meeting De Casseres sings.

The weird beauty of these chants of a soul that still feels the pangs of its own birth can not be limned in other words than those which it utters in its own proud torment. Lack of space prevents me from quoting in full the significant poem, The Vision Malefic.

"My soul is a tarn as black and motionless as the night above
In which whirl forever and ever the pallid balls of light that
are my sickly dreams.
I am weaving a shroud for the God whom I hate—
I have defied Him and cursed Him, and here is His winding-
sheet.
I am lodged in my sins, and my soul is lean of its lusts."

These swift-running, rhymeless lines, with their varying yet certain rhythm, like the beat of the sea on a long, curving shore, made their appearance some time before the *vers libre* craze swept our smaller poets beyond their depth. This fact would be more significant had not Walt Whitman broken the set forms of poetry several generations behind De Casseres. Whitman's influence was not lost on De Casseres, but it betrays itself in the fashioning of some of his lines more than in their content.

The fierce individualism of De Casseres, however, makes it impossible for him to employ very long any medium that is not shaped by his own passion. For this reason he occupies a niche that is all his own and asks space to stand from no other man. Formal criticism would demand a label for that niche by which the poet could be read into his proper place in the ranks of his contemporaries and his predecessors, but De Casseres defies such evaluation, for he belongs to no school nor does he proselyte for any cult that is greater than his own individuality. His genius may owe much to those before him who strode in the vanguard of the rebels, yet it has come to its full flower only in himself. It is a bloom of exotic richness that time will not cause to droop and perish.

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She might, for example, be called the Père Grandet of the tenements as she presses her experience to her bosom, crying: "Mine, mine, mine only and forever!" Or she might be likened to Mr. Bounderby, exploiter and enslaver of men and women. Sonya is the miser and the monopolist—at heart a businesswoman, not a vamp. Besides, the traditional Salome was a cat's-paw in the hands of Herodias, while Sonya is a devouring monster. She describes herself as "a soul consumed with hunger for heights beyond reach," but in seeking to scale those heights she does not hesitate to set her feet on the necks of her fellows, as when she destroys Lipkin's happiness, or begs her costume from Hollins, or lays the trap for Manning, her millionaire future husband, or buys her landlord without paying the

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"Salome" is an unwholesome book. With the possible exception of Hollins it contains but one character that stands out clearly against the heaving background, and that character, Sonya, exhibits a depravity of spirit and an incapacity to live and let live that rivals the degradation of Balzac's most admirable villains. The book is vivid. In places, it is well done. The life of Manning wins no understanding from the novelist, but the pictures of the Ghetto are admirable and the suppressed aspirations of the Russian Jewess burst into flame in the form of Sonya Vrunsky. This time Miss Yezierska has created, not a hungry heart, but a yawning abyss, an ego that does not project a single ray of social understanding.

SCOTT NEARING

Books in Brief

Lloyd George. By Frank Dilnot. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The first edition of this book—a popular biography telling the story of Lloyd George's rise in an interesting fashion, but without any penetrating analysis of character—appeared early in 1917, when its subject was at the height of his fame. Three supplementary chapters are now added to the original twelve, bringing the narrative down to the Washington Conference. The later section contains only two dates, one of which is a year out. It is curious to note that the tone of undiscriminating admiration, which pervades the first part of the book, is considerably modified in the concluding chapters.

Fiery Particles. By C. E. Montague. Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.75.

This is a group of short stories written by the author of that extremely disenchanting book, "Disenchantment." Mr. Montague is obviously more interested in his own highly stilted style than in the portrayal of his characters and his fiery particles turn out to be rather frigid pieces of humanity after all. The plain fact is that Mr. Montague does not know how to write fiction, does not know how to get under the skin of men and things. He forces his unhappy muse to the point where his tales actually reek of the library and the midnight mazda. They are eminently literary but they do not make literature.

Sweet Pepper. By Geoffrey Moss. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

To Mr. Moss a square-shouldered, flat-backed Englishman is the standard of perfection. Next comes the Hungarian. In some ways he is more to be respected than the Englishman: he knows better how to deal with Jews and Bolshevists, for example. When it came to handling the stupid young Englishwoman in the story, the Hungarians really seemed more efficient than the English captain. Of course she was not in love with them, and that simplified matters. This novel gives a graphic account of Budapest after the war; as a picture of human motives and relationships, however, it is not of much importance.

Music

Meyerbeer, 1923

A GENERATION ago—to set the date late—opera-goers the world over were supposed to have pretty well "outgrown" their liking for Meyerbeer. Yet the revival of "Le Prophète" at the Metropolitan Opera House in February, 1918, with Caruso as John of Leyden, was one of the popular triumphs of the Gatti-Casazza consulship, as it was one of the artistic triumphs of Caruso. Only the mortal illness of the tenor cut short its highly prosperous career. "L'Africaine," though without a Caruso as bait to the public, came in for "revival" at the Metropolitan in March of this present year. The public liked it well enough to insure it four performances before the closing of the Metropolitan season a month later and to make a certainty its continuance in the Metropolitan Opera repertory next season.

The last previous performances of "L'Africaine" in New York had occurred in the winter of 1907. The cast then could boast the presence of Caruso, as well as of Olive Fremstad, Stracciari, Plançon, and Journet. Nevertheless, after two performances, the opera was withdrawn, a semi-failure. Sixteen years later, with Beniamino Gigli in the place of Caruso, and Rosa Ponselle, Danise, Didur, and Rothier instead of the others, "L'Africaine" nevertheless steps forth to gladsome victory on the same stage! Meantime, much water has slipped under our musical bridges; Debussy has ranged himself almost with the classics, Stravinsky and Schönberg have emerged, the International Composers' Guild has functioned, and yet Meyerbeer marches on at a smarter pace than ever! You may joke about the matter, but your joke will somehow ring sad. You may get furious over it and slay your foeman in a fusillade of theory, but the living, persistent fact confronts you. Of Mozart one can safely say, "Fashions in opera change, but genius is everlasting." Now, nobody denies that a Meyerbeer opera is as a whole old fashioned—was already old fashioned almost before "L'Africaine" first saw the footlights, May 2, 1865, a year nearly to the day after its composer's death! For such a record of undiscourageable vitality there must be reasons good and sufficient.

One of the determining peculiarities of Meyerbeer was his adaptability. A Jewish banker, born in the Prussian capital in the last decade of the eighteenth century, suddenly turns composer and successfully writes operas in the Italian style imposed on Europe by Rossini in the second decade of the nineteenth century. But he is counting without his master. Of a sudden Rossini cuts loose from his own past and brings out his epoch-making "Guillaume Tell" at the Paris Opéra. Thenceforward neither Rossini nor anybody else can continue writing operas in the manner of the thirty-odd Rossini operas that preceded "Guillaume Tell." But Meyerbeer has taken his cue in a jiffy. He writes for Paris a "Robert le Diable" that out-Tells "Tell." He follows it up with a "Huguenots" that is a further advance in the new direction. Rossini, his junior by several months, but now twice his master, hears "Les Huguenots" and decides never to write again for the stage.

With Rossini, as with George Sand, "copy" had been a function. Vastly more gifted musically than Meyerbeer, he composed as spontaneously and effortlessly as he breathed. His had been a career of the easiest sort of easy victories. Now to beat Meyerbeer at the new game he himself had set on foot would mean work, and very hard work. He had never worked in his life, he hated work, he was rich, his place in musical history was already secure; so why fight the Prussian Jew for primacy on the lyric stage of France? At four and forty the somewhat cynical Italian was content to retire with the laurels already gained. He lived on for thirty-two years, composing little and that little not for the theater, devoting himself mainly to cookery and the acquisition of adipose tissue. Meyerbeer, until his death in 1864, held undisputed sway over the opera of France, now the country of his adoption. Indeed, despite the rising stars of Wagner across the Rhine and of Verdi south of the Alps, he may be said to have dominated the opera of Europe. Here is a conspicuous case of that "romance of destiny" whose unexpectedness Stevenson celebrates. But Meyerbeer helped on destiny by rising very early in the morning. Whenever Fate knocked at his door, he was there to open at once.

Inevitably your Johnny-on-the-spot has enemies. He may not make them; his on-the-spotness does. Berlioz in France, Wagner in Germany were battling against great odds toward a recognition that only came late. Rossini had abdicated with-

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out a struggle. Meantime the Berlin Jew sat enthroned in Paris. Really it was a curious spectacle, and of course there were enough to hate him for it. But all of them copied him. Wagner, his principal reviler, owes him a debt that is incalculable. Verdi begins to smack of Meyerbeer at least as far back as "Il Trovatore"; "Don Carlos" is a surrender, "Aïda" a homage! Gounod, Reyer, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Ponchielli —they all nestle in the Meyerbeer mold like doves at rest. Whence comes Puccini's first "Tosca" finale if not straight out of Meyerbeer? The late James Gibbons Huneker said to me of Strauss's "Salome" not long before he died: "When you hear it again you'll find it sounds like second-rate Meyerbeer." That is a sweeping statement and some would take exception to the rating, but indisputably the trail of Meyerbeer is all over Strauss's score. Possibly Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" is entirely free of the Meyerbeer infection, but I wouldn't risk my neck on its utter innocence. There's an admirable subject of investigation for a doctor's thesis!

Perhaps the real basic trouble with Meyerbeer is his pretentiousness. When you assume so much as he, you are sure to find plenty of people ready to cry at you, "Sham!" No opera in the entire list, not "Götterdämmerung" or "Parsifal," pretends to more than do severally "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," and "L'Africaine." The fact is, they pretend to more than Meyerbeer could deliver, and that fact often obscures another just as certain, that the pretentious gentleman was still the author of the immortal duet that ends the fourth act of "Les Huguenots" (Wagner himself had to praise it!), of that air of Fidès in "Le Prophète," "Ah! mon fils," which boldly mounts to sublimity, of the passage for brasses that accompanies the entrance of the priestesses in the fourth act of "L'Africaine," only eight measures, but eight measures that even Beethoven need not have been ashamed to sign.

Meyerbeer was, however, less an inventor than a lightning-quick imitator, assimilator, combiner, developer, whence came the style he concocted and proceeded to disseminate with such all-embracing results. His unfailing asset was his keen sense of the theater. Had he possessed also a rigorous fineness of taste and an exacting artistic conscience, he never would have left his four monumental operas open to easy reproach. For though his gift of sheer musical invention was inferior to that of certain of his contemporaries who wrote for the stage, most conspicuously Rossini, Verdi, and Wagner, Meyerbeer still did have invention, at times invention of the finest quality.

But his conscience was not of the kind that forbade him the easiest way. He knew he could always "put it over" theatrically, so without turning a hair he filled up his scores with the trivial, the third rate, at times the blatantly vulgar. The curious thing about the Meyerbeer phenomenon in our year of grace is that audiences still swallow their Meyerbeer whole. Outmoded as his music is, its sheer scenic quality saves it in the performance. Obviously those pages of Meyerbeer that are born of genius must, for all the changes of musical fashion, sound approximately as great today as ever they did. That is his prerogative along with Bach and Handel and Mozart and Beethoven and every other true genius. But, generally speaking, there is nothing quite so hopeless as outmoded rubbish. The fact of the matter must be that Meyerbeer's invincible flair for the theater, effective alike in the evil and the good of his scores, has endowed his operas with an enduring life in the theater. Revile them as you will—and sometimes, face to face with the ponderous volumes upon your piano rack or beside your study lamp, you are tempted to forget there can be anything but reviling!—audiences still sit with hushed attention, act on brimming act; still applaud at the falling of the curtain in the comfortable certainty of hours well spent, just as audiences must have listened and approved ever since the November evening in 1831 when "Robert le Diable" first stalked abroad on the wonder-laden boards of the Paris Opéra.

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Drama

Once More

THE FOREIGN CRITIC: You share my view, then, that the American drama is really entering upon a creative stage?

THE AMERICAN CRITIC: Those words are too big. There is a faint voice; it cries in a howling wilderness.

F. C.: How pessimistic you are!

A. C.: The Pulitzer prize has just been given to "Icebound."

F. C.: And isn't "Icebound" a work of considerable merit?

A. C.: It is a work of some merit. But do you know anything about its author, Mr. Owen Davis?

F. C.: Very little, I confess.

A. C.: Mr. Davis has been writing plays for exactly twenty-five years. He has written one hundred plays. Of these fifty were melodramas produced by Mr. A. H. Woods between 1902 and 1910. Can you quite imagine a prize of the French Academy or the Schiller or Kleist prize going to a gentleman with such a history? Heaven knows I have a small opinion of prizes and prize awards of any sort. But this particular award throws light upon a peculiar American situation.

F. C.: I see perfectly. There is no understanding and respect for the artist or the life of art.

A. C.: No understanding, no deep sense for it. To the committee which made this award it was not at once unimaginable that the author of those fifty melodramas could write a work truly memorable and delicate. Fancy Ibsen, Hauptmann, Galsworthy, even Donnay or Halbe writing fifty melodramas. They could not have done it if the alternative had been literal starvation—not because they like hunger or are conscious of a mission—that, heaven help us, would be the American interpretation—but because their minds would have been nauseated at the very thought.

F. C.: Your point is perfectly clear to me and perfectly elementary. Haven't all your critics made it?

A. C.: No; for to our critics art is neither passion nor vision. They are very able, very honest, very well-informed, and very witty. But, to put it mildly and yet correctly, they don't care enough.

F. C.: I have read some very able reviews.

A. C.: Undoubtedly. But weren't they all—reflect on that a moment—quite worldly?

F. C.: That is not so clear to me.

A. C.: Do you remember a play called "Roger Bloomer"?

F. C.: Very vividly.

A. C.: The play was crude and young and neither thought through nor wrought out. But it was the cry of youth and passion and rebellion—the authentic and everlasting cry of the life of art.

F. C.: That is why I valued it.

A. C.: Exactly. And none of the reviewers wrote of this play from within that everlasting life of art of which they should have been a part; they treated it with the superciliousness and faint contempt and smiling incredulity with which the polite world always treats the artist and prophet and outcast and child of light. They said in effect: What shocking manners! What ill-assorted clothes! Pray, dear young man, if you have talent, be proper and show it in a proper way.

F. C.: You think, then, that your criticism is partly responsible for the slow growth of your dramatic literature?

A. C.: I do. The young playwright is shy and criticism provides no atmosphere in which he can lose his shyness and speak forth his ardors. Criticism does not sufficiently guard him from the Philistine world; it allies itself with that world.

F. C.: What an unusual situation. For the past hundred years, at least, it has been both the pride and the chief business of every reputable European critic to be torch-bearer and intermediary, to tilt against the brutishness or indifference of the world, to provide an atmosphere in which genius which is always strange and new and electrical and estranged, can live and flourish.

A. C.: It is not so among us. A charming and elegant and worldly play—true enough to amuse, not true enough to wound—*that is what our critics like.* A play like Frederick Lonsdale's "Aren't We All?" at the Gaiety brings out the best that is in them. And the piece is indeed admirable and the acting of both Cyril Maude and Leslie Howard beyond praise.

F. C.: But it is also perfectly barren and perfectly unimportant.

A. C.: Precisely. But our reviewers do not really like the rich, dark, significant folk-play, as they showed in their attitude to "A Square Peg," nor are they, with few exceptions, quite happy or comfortable in the presence of such bitter creative irony as we had in "The Adding Machine."

F. C.: They are in the state in which vital and immediate art troubles them?

A. C.: Yes; and to guard themselves from it they are initially unsympathetic.

F. C.: They, too, want to laugh.

A. C.: I am almost afraid so. Nothing better could happen to the American drama than that some of the chief reviewers should have some shattering experience, like a great and unhappy passion. But they are far too much at ease in Zion to risk it.

F. C.: What a thing to wish your friends!

A. C.: But think how it would improve their work! And work comes first. L. L.

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